FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS' AMBER HEARD NAKED

HUSTLER®

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

MARCH 2011

WIN A KILLER 2100 GAMING CARD

Valentine's Issue

PORN STAR ROMANCES LOVE & DEATH!

STRIPPER, MOM OR BEAUTIFUL MONSTER?

MECHELE HUGHES LINEHAN ON TRIAL

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

BUILDING A BETTER VAGINA

(WE HAVE THE PHOTOS!)

ARTIFICIAL SWEETENERS

IS YOUR DIET SODA KILLING YOU?

INTERVIEWS WITH

BAD RELIGION & BUZZCOCKS

COVERGIRL

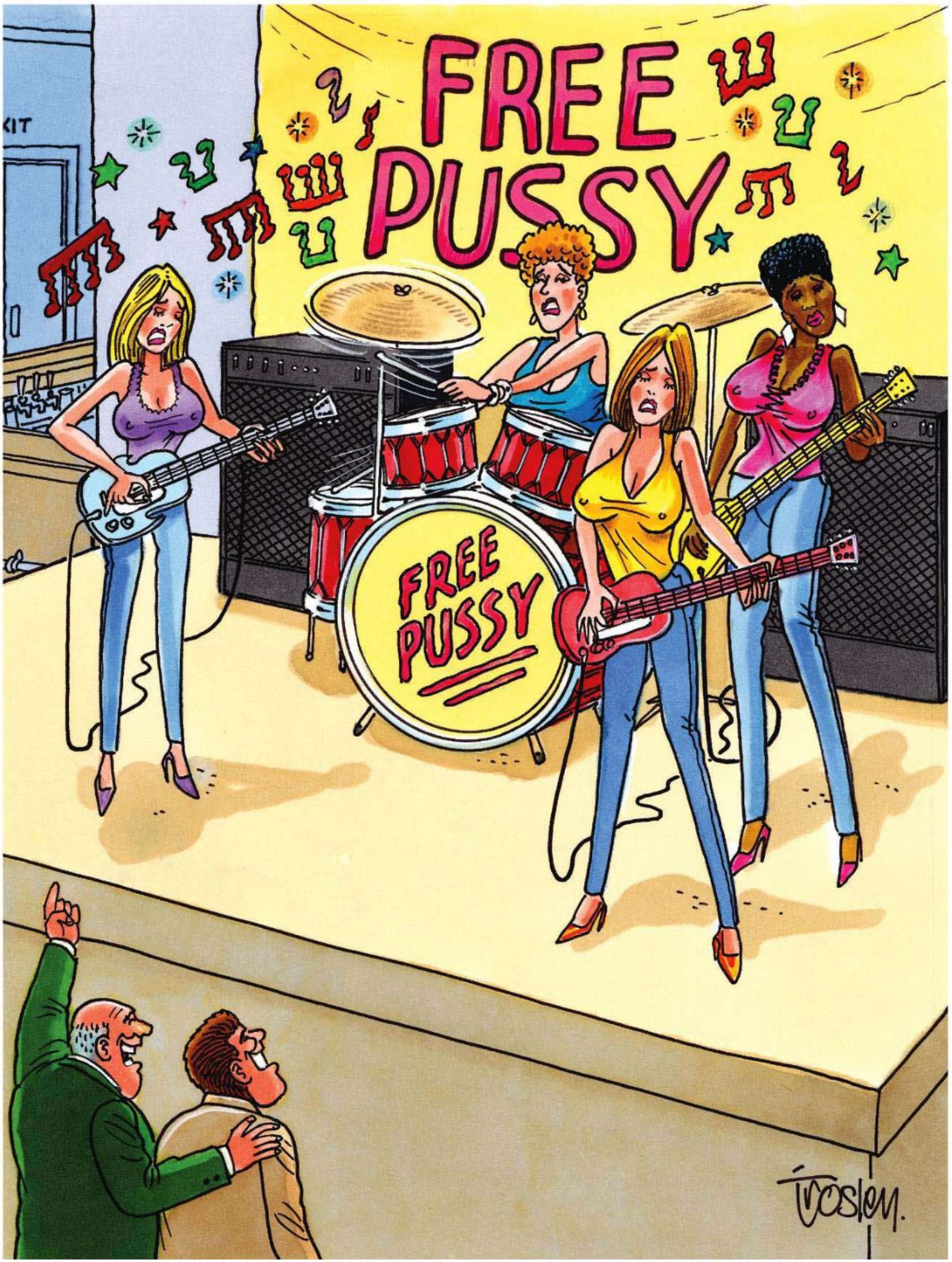
CLAIRE

XXX VIDEO INSIDE

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, poss

1-800 JACK-OFF sm
1-800-525-6333
I'll give it to you how you want it
Freaky hot moms with an insatiable lust for your cock!
1-888-909-MILF
6453
HARD fuck for your HARD cock
1-800-800-FUCK
3825
UNTAMED KINKY FANTASIES
Lil' Bitches WANTED NOW!
I wanna hear you squirm. I'm going to whip you UP in SHAPE!
1-800-400-TINA
8462
Most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 to $3.98 /min. plus a small $2.98 connection fee
ADULTS 18+ ONLY

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a spoof of Disney's inspirational horse racing drama, *Secretariat*. To see a real feel-good movie about a girl and her steed, you're just gonna have to stick to the Internet.



"I don't care what they sound like. Go out front, change the marquee to read 'FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHT—FREE PUSSY' and this bar will be packed!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

MARCH 2011 VOLUME 37 NUMBER 12 HustlerMagazine.com

GIRLS

29 APRIL O'NEIL
Geek Goddess
Photography by T. Rifter

48 SAMANTHA SAINT
Heavenly Body
Photography by Matti Klatt

63 BREE DANIELS & BLAKE
Lez Be Friends
Photography by EarlMiller.com

76 CLAIRE SANDERS
Built to Last
Photography by Mark Lit

106 RHIAN ALISE
Model Behavior
Photography by Jose Luis

123 THIS AIN'T DANCING WITH THE STARS XXX
Tangolicious twinkle toes Scarlett Fay, Dylan Ryder, Kiara Diane, Cody Love and Sindee Jennings are singin' and dancin' in the sheets!
Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video

159 JESSICA
Shades of Pink
Classic Photography by Matti Klatt

FEATURES

38 BLUE-SCREEN ROMANCES
Our special Valentine's look at porn couples whose off-screen relationships don't always embody true love
Article by Scott Fayner

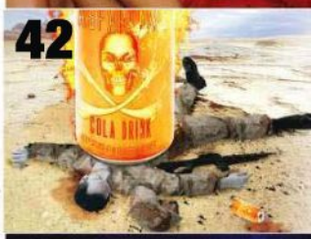
42 ASPARTAME: DEATH BY DIET POP
Are artificial sweeteners liquidating Gulf War veterans and civilians worldwide?!
Report by Harvey Wasserman

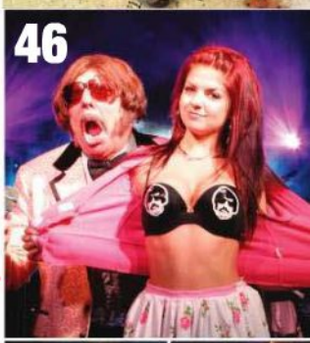
46 WHO THE FUCK IS TONY CLIFTON?!
Spewing lowbrow jokes 'n' toxic tunes, this mysterious lounge lizard is the rave
Profile by Keith Valcourt

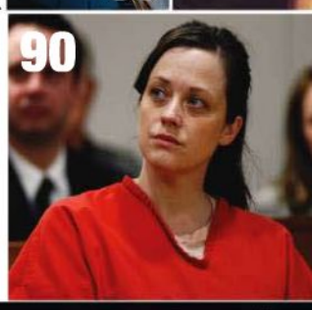
56 CUTTING EDGE: VAGINAL REJUVENATION
A slice of life segment graphically detailing how a trailblazing cosmetic surgeon is clamping down on loose lips
Article by Justin Hampton

72 PULP MAYHEM: A LOOK AT THE PROVOCATIVE ART OF H.J. WARD
Damsel-in-distress magazine covers from the '30s and '40s that kept readers coming back for more
Book Review by Anthony Petkovich

90 MECHELE HUGHES LINEHAN: DEADLY ANGEL?
Bizarre backstory of an Alaska stripper handed a 99-year sentence for murder
Report by Fred Rosen







STANDARDS

3 SEX PARODY
Sucretariat

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
by Larry Flynt

9 TECH KNOW
Win a Killer 2100 gaming card!

10 GAME ON
Fallout: New Vegas, *Tron: Evolution*, *Pac-Man Party* & *Sniper: Ghost Warrior*

11 ROBERT SCHEER
Reversal of Fortunes

13 NAT HENTOFF
Has the U.S. Supreme Court rear-ended the First Amendment?

15 ALEX BENNETT
Best medicine in the world? My ass!

17 MAMIE VAN DOREN
Fuck censorship!

19 FEEDBACK
Confiscating a soldier's HUSTLER is downright un-American!

20 POLITICAL PARODY
Join the Police Force!

21 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Mitch McConnell

23 BITS & PIECES
Rockin' freedom party, *This Ain't Avatar* artificial vaj and Christine O'Donnell suckin' dick!

28 HOT LETTERS
Twins' bedroom chicanery

37 CLASSIC CARTOONS

75 COUGARS UNLEASHED
Voracious vamp Alexis Golden

88 HUSTLER HUMOR
Eat up these jokes, folks!

94 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
Bad Religion, Buzzcocks, cool discs!

98 FAMOUS FLESH
Shauna Sand sans bikini top!

99 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Amber Heard's skintillating rambles

100 PINUP
by Sandra Chang

103 GIRLS OF FACEBOOK
Lingerie footballer Natasha Eppright

104 COLLEGE REPORT
UCSD reacts to "Compton Cookout"

105 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Coed cutie Kenzie Taylor

114 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Charlie's Angels, *The Twilight Zone* and *Avatar* all go hard-core!

133 BEAVER HUNT
A potpourri of sexy amateur heartthrobs

HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration/Associate Publisher*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Kimberly Cheng *Research Editor*
Nelson Ayala *Comedy Editor*
Keith Valcourt *Arts & Entertainment Editor*
Anthony Petkovich *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Tara Lee *Copy Editor*

Art & Design
Michael Richardi *Creative Director*
Kevin Gentry *Art Director*

Talent
Jennifer Larsen *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Assistant*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*
HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 37, No. 12, March 2011. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in September, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Copyright © 2010 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.
SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is December 7, 2010.

Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com
Visit HUSTLER Online at ***HustlerMagazine.com***

KISS YOUR PRIVACY GOODBYE

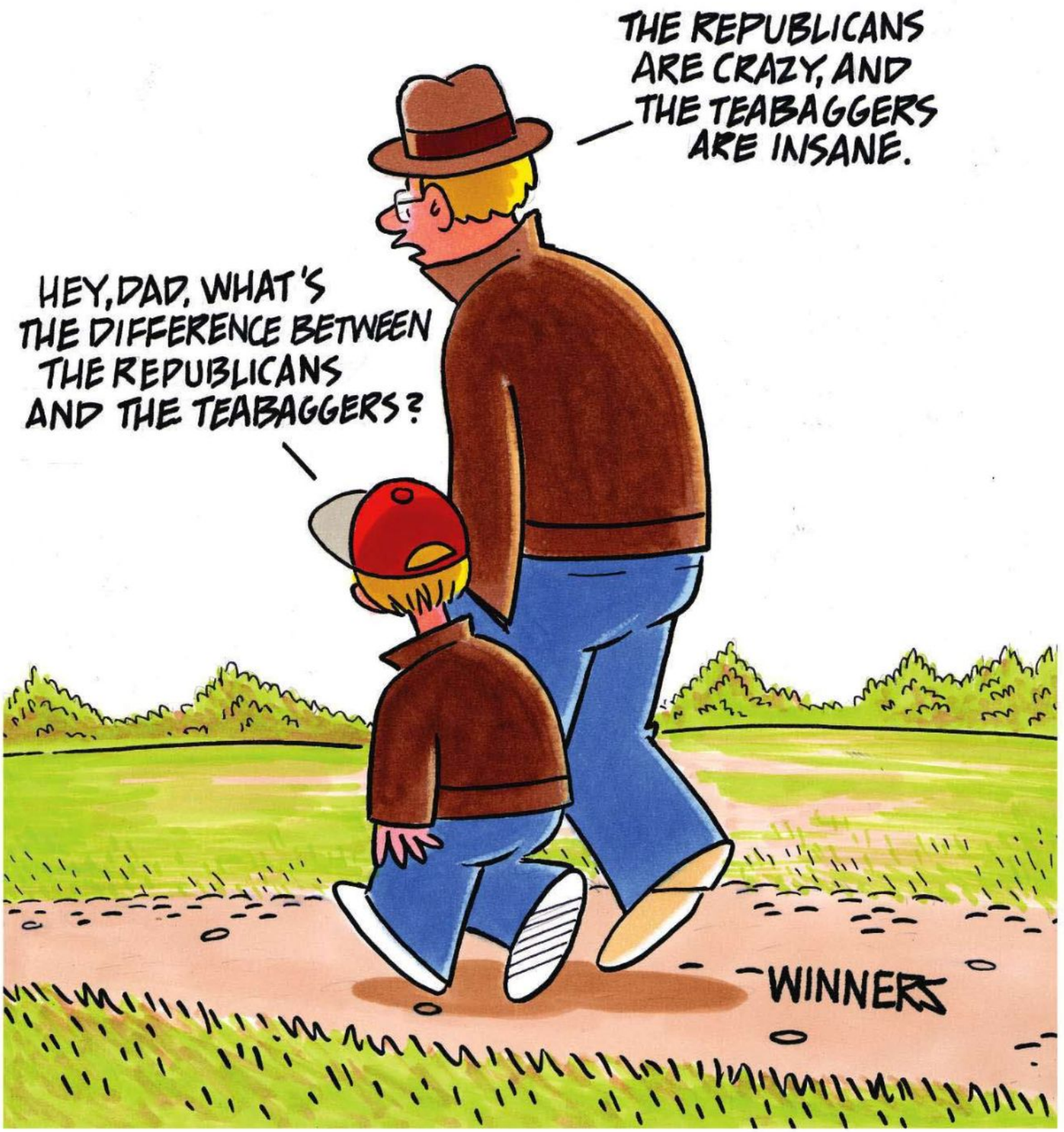
It's the price we pay for technology. With the advent of the Internet and sites like MySpace, Facebook and Twitter, it has become virtually impossible to protect our privacy. If a politician, celebrity or even a private citizen sneezes in New York City, he should consider that everyone in the world may know about it 24 hours later.

You may think this doesn't apply to you, but it does. The minute you sign onto the Internet, you are being watched—not just by our government but also by our major corporations. They know where you go, what you buy, what your interests are and what illnesses you have. This is powerful information that can be used in any number of ways, not all of them to your benefit.

Enjoy what precious freedom and privacy you have left. They may not be around much longer.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

ANOTHER FATHER AND SON MOMENT



HEAD SOUNDS

Everyone wants their trip to have a soundtrack, but boarders and cyclists especially know that listening to music through headphones or earbuds can be a dangerous proposition. Thankfully, the **Tunebug Shake** portable speaker provides a safe and rocking way to bring music to your ride. The unit is an ultramobile sound generator that can be connected to iPods, MP3 players, mobile phones or be used wirelessly with Bluetooth.

The best part is it can be easily mounted on most bike, skate or snowboard helmets to deliver an awesome surround sound experience. Made of solid water-resistant molded rubber, the **Tunebug** can be taken anywhere, from the beach to a formidable mountain. It runs on a USB rechargeable battery that holds five hours of play time. The touch sensitive on/off and volume up/down controls make it easy to use.

Available at ***Tunebug.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

FULLY CHARGED

How many batteries do you use in an average year? The number may surprise you. Aside from the cost, most batteries just end up in a dump for eternity once they die.

The new **USBCELL** from Moixa eliminates the expense and waste associated with conventional batteries. Simply plug the little marvel into your computer's USB slot to get a charge, then replace the head and insert **USBCELL**s into the battery compartment to power a device. Each **USBCELL** saves 3 kilograms of toxic waste and will last for years to come.

Right now you can only purchase AA batteries, but Moixa plans to offer AAA, 9-volt and other special sizes very soon. Do the environment and your wallet a favor: Pick up some **USBCELL** batteries!

Available at ***USBCELL.com***. Suggested retail price: $17.99 for a two-pack.

SPEAK UP!

Computer speakers suck! Seriously, the teeny portals for music that come with most PCs and Macs don't do your sound justice. That's why you need the **Inspire S2** wireless speaker system from Creative. These beautiful (seriously, they look awesome), compact speakers assure total audio freedom.

The **Inspire S2** features a USB hub that you plug into your computer to blast sound to a pair of powerful, palm-sized satellite speakers and a direct-throw subwoofer. Man, the crystal-clear sound quality will blow you away. It's so good that we're getting the sweats just thinking about it.

Available at ***USCreative.com***. Suggested retail price: $109.99.

ARE YOU GAME?

PC gaming can be a lot of fun—until your system freezes up, leaving you easy prey. Bigfoot Networks' **Killer 2100** gaming cards ensure maximum performance while playing online. When loaded into your computer, **Killer 2100** provides more speed, intelligence, control and visibility, which should allow you to dominate. That is, if you have skills. You do have skills, don't you?

Killer 2100 is the fastest card for online games out there. The best part? We're giving one away! See details below.

Available at ***BigFoot Networks.com***. Suggested retail price: $89.99.

GET IN THE GAME! GET BIGFOOT!

For your chance to win a Bigfoot Networks **Killer 2100** gaming card, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Bigfoot Gaming Card c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by March 10, 2011. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

NUCLEAR BLAST!

Fallout: New Vegas

Bethesda

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Vegas, baby! Vegas! Don't get too excited. This isn't your neon-packed Sin City. It's a postapocalyptic version (hence the game's subtitle) full of ghouls, supermutants and killer robots. You're not here to soak in the nightlife—you're here on a mission of survival that will probably find you soaked in blood. ***Fallout: New Vegas*** is bigger, brighter and has double the weapons of its franchise predecessors. Just remember: Even though that showgirl is a mutant, she's still pretty damn hot.

FEEL THE FEVER

Pac-Man Party

Namco Bandai

Wii

The arcade game dude who ruled your youth and took away all your quarters is back! Pac-Man returns for a new generation, this time re-imagined as a 3D superhero to mark his 30th anniversary. In ***Pac-Man Party*** the beloved icon runs the paces through a ton of classic game play plus some brand-new mini games. Get ready to catch Pac-Man fever all over again!

GIVE UP THE GHOST

Sniper: Ghost Warrior

City Interactive

Xbox 360, PC

Designed exclusively for the Xbox 360 and PC, ***Sniper: Ghost Warrior*** is one of the most realistic first-person shooters out there. You are a shadowy sniper working with your highly trained special-ops unit to carry out a dangerous mission. Along the way you must use your stealth ability to stalk and hunt down your enemy. Our favorite feature is the "Bullet Cam," a mode that allows you to pull off the perfect headshot with pinpoint accuracy.

VIDEO VOYEUR

Tron: Evolution

Disney Interactive

PS3, Xbox 360, PC, DS, Wii, PSP

The 1982 film *Tron* was a mesmerizing display of breakthrough special effects. The upcoming *Tron: Legacy* promises to blow us away even more. So will ***Tron: Evolution***. Released in conjunction with the big-screen sequel, this video game is a brilliant blast of light, sound and action. Much like Kevin Flynn, you will be transported into the game and have to battle other light-cycle riders and engage in one-on-one matches using deadly discs. Watch out for the walls!

REVERSAL OF FORTUNES

OUTRAGED AMERICANS SEND A MESSAGE TO BARACK OBAMA AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ON ELECTION DAY 2010.

Let's not shoot the messenger. The Tea Party is not our main enemy, and those who've climbed onboard are right for paying attention to the rage out there over Wall Street and sounding an honest libertarian protest over the concentration of federal power. What the Tea Partiers miss is that the federal government is huge precisely because the massive corporate lobbying force in Washington sets the Congressional agenda when it comes to spending on restoring an economy that Wall Street ruined and on a bloated military that defense contractors lobby for.

We have the largest military budget in the world—almost $600 billion more than the runner-up, China—because of what the last great Republican President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, warned is a "military-industrial complex" with its tentacles in every Congressional district. Ever since the 9/11 attacks by terrorists armed with an arsenal of box cutters and knives that cost less than a hundred bucks, we have ramped up military spending to Cold War levels on sophisticated war toys. However, those weapons are largely irrelevant to the two senseless wars that we are fighting against poorly armed insurgents and that are also eating up an enormous fraction of the federal budget. Sarah Palin may rant against big government, but as a politician she wanted as much of that loot as she could get for Alaska, the most highly taxpayer-subsidized state government.

Yes, the Tea Party victors in the 2010 midterm elections are a mixed bag of politicians espousing often contradictory and at times weird positions, the source of their funding is questionable, and their proposed solutions are vague, if not downright nutty. But they also represent the most significant political response to the economic pain that has traumatized swaths of the nation at a time when so-called progressives have been reduced to abject impotence by their deference to a Democratic President.

Barack Obama deserved the rebuke he received at the polls for a failed economic policy that consisted of throwing trillions at Wall Street but getting nothing in return. His amen chorus in the media is quick to blame everyone but the President himself for his sharp reversal of fortunes at the polls. But it is not the fault of Tea Party Republicans that they responded to the rage out there over lost jobs and homes while the President remained indifferent to the many who are suffering.

It is not the fault of Tea Party Republicans that they responded to the rage out there over lost jobs and homes while the President remained indifferent to the many who are suffering.

While a preelection *Washington Post* poll reported that 53% of Americans feared they couldn't make their next mortgage or rent payment, the President chirped inanely to Jon Stewart that his top economics adviser, Lawrence Summers—who was paid $8 million by Wall Street firms while advising candidate Obama—had done a "heckuva job" in helping avoid another Great Depression. What kind of consolation is that for the more than 40 million Americans who have lost their homes or are struggling to pay off mortgages that are "underwater"?

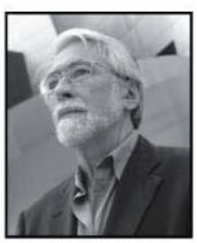
The banks have been made whole by the Fed, which is providing virtually interest-free money while purchasing trillions of dollars of the banks' toxic assets. Yet the financial industry's response has been what former Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker has called a "liquidity trap"—denying loans for business investment or the refinancing necessary to keep people in their homes.

Rather than meet the financial crisis head-on with a temporary moratorium on housing foreclosures, as more than half of those surveyed by the *Post* wanted, the President summarily turned down that sensible proposal. Instead he attempted to shift the focus to his tepid healthcare reform and was surprised that many voters didn't think he did them a favor by locking them into insurance programs not governed by cost controls. Many voters viewed healthcare reform with the same disdain that the underfunded and unfocused stimulus program merited. Neither seems relevant to turning around an economy that a huge majority feels is getting worse, according to Election Day exit polls.

That dreadful shortcoming is not obvious to the power elites whom the leaders of both political parties serve or to the high-paid media pundits who cheer them on. Ragged as it is, the Tea Party revolt fed on a massive populist outrage that so-called progressives had failed to respond to because of their allegiance to Obama. As a result, the Democrats squandered the hopes of their base, which rewarded the party with a paltry turnout at polling stations.

But it now remains for the Tea Party victors to prove that they are a viable alternative, or by the next election they too will find that their base of support has evaporated. This should be of great concern to the libertarian wing of that movement, which scored a considerable victory and a much-enhanced national presence with Rand Paul's Senate victory in Kentucky. Will he stick to his promise to hold the Federal Reserve accountable and oppose the continuing favors to Wall Street that he has blasted as "a transfer of wealth from those who have earned to those who have squandered"?

Some Democratic leaders will urge Obama to follow in President Bill Clinton's footsteps and move even further to the right to strengthen his prospects for reelection. This opportunistic shift by Clinton following the Democrats' electoral reversal in the 1994 elections led to his signing off on the radical deregulation of the financial industry that caused the current economic meltdown. If Obama follows such advice, it will spell further disaster for the nation.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

IF YOU ARE IN THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM, IT IS A GOOD IDEA TO TREAT YOUR WIFE OR GIRL-FRIEND VERY WELL
Marty Smith is really mob rat and ASSHOLE Vinnie Manoli ! And the PRICK lives right here !
J. Bissette

HAS THE U.S. SUPREME COURT REAR-ENDED THE FIRST AMENDMENT?

THE OUSTER OF SUSPECTED "AGITATORS" FROM A BUSH SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT PROMPTS A CRUCIAL LAWSUIT, BUT SOME KEY JURISTS DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED.

Since 2005 I have been covering a case slithering through the federal courts that could subvert freedom of speech at a Presidential public appearance. In March of that year, George W. Bush—during a "town hall meeting" paid by us taxpayers—showed up at a Denver museum for an address on privatizing Social Security. Lawyer Leslie Weise and IT professional Alex Young also showed up, and they'd ultimately command as much attention as the keynote speaker.

Although Weise and Young had obtained tickets from then-Representative Bob Beauprez (R-Colorado), they were forcibly ejected at the urging of a White House-directed crew of volunteer guardians of the President's peace. What possible danger could they have posed to Bush? As Weise and Young were pushed outside, Secret Service agents cited the "No More Blood for Oil" bumper sticker on Weise's car. (These ejected citizens opposed the war in Iraq.)

There wasn't the slightest evidence that Weise and Young had planned to disrupt Bush's speech. But gee whiz, they were dissenters! Eventually, represented by the American Civil Liberties Union, these suspected agitators' case came before the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals in January 2010.

Believe it or not, in a split decision, this appellate court ruled that Weise, Young and the ACLU had failed to identify any First Amendment doctrine "that prohibits the government from excluding them from an official speech on private property on the basis of their viewpoint."

Their VIEWPOINT?! Is this still America? In a stinging dissent, Tenth Circuit Judge William J. Holloway taught his colleagues what everyone in this country should know (although many don't): "The right of an American citizen to criticize public officials policies" is at the very core of the First Amendment, and it "is simply astounding that any member of the executive branch could have believed that our Constitution justified this egregious violation."

The ACLU appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. Would our highest interpreters of the Constitution agree that viewpoint alone can determine who gets to listen to a public speech delivered by the President?

Surely President Obama's Justice Department keeps track of cases appealed to the high court on such fundamental issues as the First Amendment? But there has been no comment from Obama or his puppet attorney general, Eric Holder, before or after the Supreme Court stunningly decided to let the Tenth Circuit's decision stand that a dissenting bumper sticker can justify tossing two citizens out of a public appearance by our President!

Don't Obama or Holder give a damn about the First Amendment being held in contempt by the high court?

[Would our highest interpreters of the Constitution agree that viewpoint alone can determine who gets to listen to a public speech delivered by the President?]

Not all its members wanted to deny these citizens' the right to hear what a President had to say. Associate Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg rang the Liberty Bell: "I cannot see how reasonable public officials, or any staff or volunteers under their direction could have viewed the bumper sticker as a permissible reason for depriving Weise and Young of access to the event. … Their presence alone cannot have affected the President's message. Therefore, ejecting them for holding discordant views could only have been a reprisal for the expression conveyed by the bumper sticker."

It's surprising that Weise's car wasn't impounded.

Ginsburg also cited "the unlawfulness" of how Weise and Young had been treated (to say the least). There was only one other dissenter on hearing the case: Associate Justice Sonia Sotomayor! Chief Justice John G. Roberts and Associate Justices Stephen Breyer, Anthony Kennedy, Elena Kagan, Samuel Alito, Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas were stony-faced. As I've reported, Thomas has often stoutly defended the First Amendment. Not a word from him either.

But this free-speech case is still alive! Not that you hear anything about it in the media in all its forms. In her dissent, Ginsburg explained why there will not yet be a permanent bar on discordant bumper stickers at Presidential appearances: "Suits against the [higher] officials responsible for Weise's and Young's ouster remain pending and may offer this Court an opportunity to take up the issue avoided today."

And that's what the ACLU has done: It has filed a lawsuit against the three directors of the White House advance planning unit during the Bush regime who'd supervised and influenced the policy that tried to immunize the President from spoken—or, in this case, bumper sticker—critics during his public appearances.

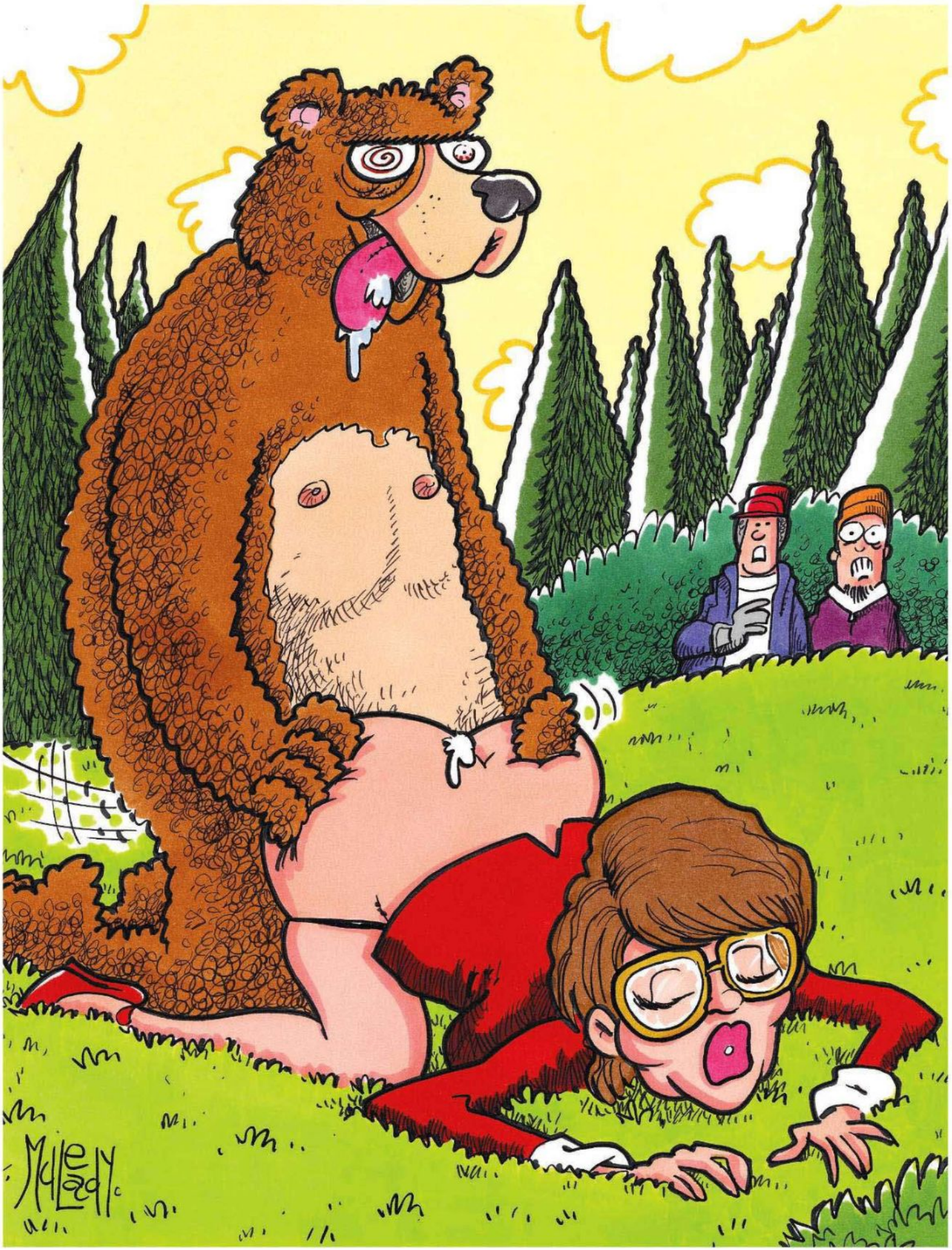
An interesting detail in this second ACLU lawsuit, filed in Colorado's U.S. District Court, is the statement that these higher official White House advance-planning censors during the Bush Administration "have been criticized by virtually every member of the Colorado Congressional delegation for ejecting plaintiffs from this event in violation of their First Amendment rights."

Meanwhile, during his time in office, George W. Bush never spoke publicly about this White House team that guarded him against being asked a question by the offending bumper sticker's owner during his Denver speech.

Also worth mentioning is that Associate Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg's vigorous dissent noted that the two ousted citizens did not speak during the time they were allowed to be in the same space as President Bush. ("Silent attendees," she called them.)

If, after the second time around, the U.S. Supreme Court rules for Leslie Weise, Alex Young and the Constitution, that bumper sticker should be preserved and displayed at the Library of Congress in an exhibit of First Amendment historical triumphs.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Uh-oh, looks like mama grizzly Sarah Palin is at it again! And people wonder where retarded kids come from!"

BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD? MY ASS!

AND OTHER RELEVANT PARTS OF MY BODY.

Time flies. One day you discover the joys of jerking off, then in what seems like just a few fleeting years, it takes you all night to do what you used to do all night. The parts that once defied gravity now seem to have fallen victim to it. When you finally find that your balls are hitting your knees, it's time to pack it in. As actress Bette Davis once quipped, "Old age ain't no place for sissies."

I won't disclose my age, but I'm old enough to get Medicare. That's the age when you are thrust into an endless centrifuge of doctors.

I had rarely seen an M.D. until I hit 60. The only time I ever needed one was to treat a few cases of the clap. Then one day a few years ago I found I had to pee a lot. That's when I began to run the medical gauntlet.

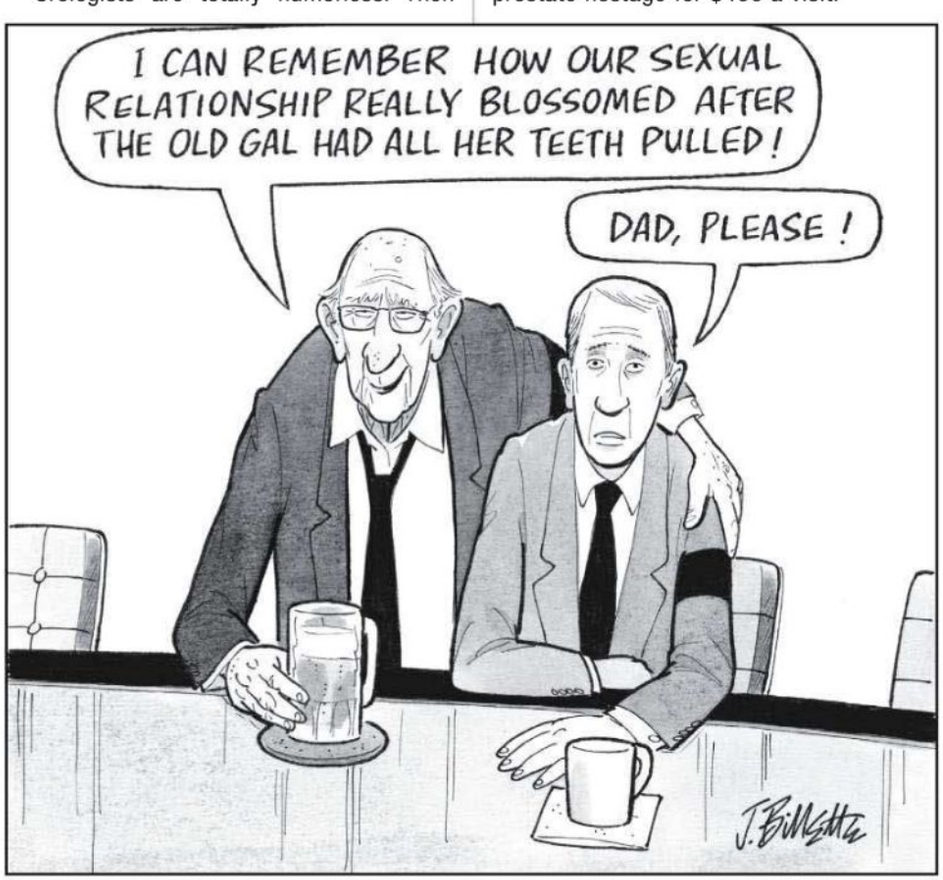
The doctor found microscopic traces of blood in my urine. If you are 40 and get blood in your urine, they figure you're fucking too much. At my age, they go bat-shit. The minute you get something—anything—they send you to a specialist. In this case it was a urologist.

Urologists are totally humorless. Then again, how *can* you have a sense of humor when you're sticking your finger up some old guy's asshole every day? (If you've never been to a urologist's office, it looks like God's waiting room.)

When the urologist finds blood, however small, he's got to test. That means you'll experience urine cytology, which looks for cancer cells; the CT scan, which showers your package with high doses of radiation; and, best of all, cystoscopy. (Note: For those of you who want to maintain an erection while perusing the rest of this magazine, stop reading now!)

Cystoscopy involves shoving a camera up your dick. If they're going to torture Guantanamo detainees, they should use this. It could be passed off as a health exam, and you'd get them talking faster than you can say "waterboard."

After all this testing the doc announced I had an enlarged prostate. He prescribed pills that would make it shrink, then sent me on my way with a cheery "See you next year!" The son of a bitch is holding my prostate hostage for $400 a visit.



Next, I had gastrointestinal problems that were minor to me, but major to those around me. So I went to a gastroenterologist. He said I needed a colonoscopy, which requires sticking a camera up your ass. It was easy enough, the drugs were great, and I didn't feel a thing. Actually, I suggest this test for everybody over the age of 50 because it truly can save your life. Bottom line, more pills.

Then the gastro doc decided my blood pressure was slightly elevated. Still more pills. That's when they started affecting the rigidity of a part of me that had never failed before. So guess what? Another pill (complete with two bathtubs and a Pacific sunset, if you catch my drift).

One annoying aspect is the return visit. "Come back in three weeks so we can check to see if the medicine is working," you're told. Of course that means another payment for the doctor.

All this doctoring revealed that nothing is seriously wrong with me unless you count my becoming a cottage industry for these guys. That's what I mean by centrifuge of doctors.

For all that, the doctors have my sympathy. Despite what you might think, they are not raking in the dough. In fact, insurance companies and Medicare are paying them crap. Many doctors have to pad the bill to make ends meet. Some won't even take insurance; they demand payment on the spot, leaving you to collect what you can from your insurer—which is usually less than what you paid.

The other problem is that doctors are practicing defensive medicine. To avoid getting sued they will create a paper trail of tests you don't need. The sum total is the fear and anxiety it causes the patient. I long for the good old days when you had a personal relationship with your doctor. Today, since they have to do a volume business to survive, they barely know who you are.

I remember a Norman Rockwell cover on the *Saturday Evening Post* with a country doctor bandaging the finger of a Cub Scout. That's what I want. That and a lollipop!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).

"To hell with the Koran...I'm going to cause some real outrage...I'll burn the latest issue of HUSTLER!"

FUCK CENSORSHIP!

THE LADY TELLS IT LIKE IT IS: CENSORS BE DAMNED!

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

"I believe in censorship. I made a fortune out of it." —*Mae West*

Younger fans often say they wish they had been alive in the glamorous and innocent days of the 1950s. From today's vantage point I can understand why the aura of Hollywood during the final days of the big-studio system appears glossy and exotic. Movie stars seemed larger than life then, and their motion pictures looked like perfect slices of reality. However, the truth about that romanticized era is that the 1950s were a time of serious repression and censorship in art, literature, theater and cinema.

Fresh out of World War II, Americans wanted everything to be just right—or at least to appear that way. Manicured homes lined quiet suburban streets, Mom waited for Dad to get home from work while she cooked dinner, and the kids were busy with their homework until bedtime. There would be no Communists, Negroes, protests, pornography, illicit sex, premarital sex and certainly no same-sex sex. Postmarital sex would be allowed, but only in the missionary position.

This America was created by ad agencies, whose only purpose was to sell stuff. The fabrication was so unreal that it had to be continually propped up by lies and protected from anyone who might point out that Perfect America was merely make-believe.

In the 1930s a constipated-looking zealot named Will Hays would have been right at home with modern day Teabaggers and fundamentalist nutjobs. He created an organization to censor motion pictures and safeguard the morality of America from the sinmongers in Hollywood. Fearing government censorship, the studio heads agreed to this travesty, and the Hays Office began dictating what subjects could and could not be in movies.

Normal sex involving married people could only be spoken of indirectly, while no other sex could be portrayed in any way. Homosexuality could only be referred to as a perversion. Breaking the law could never be glorified, so criminals had to be shown paying for their crimes.

Larry Flynt, the owner of this estimable publication, has fought censorship laws for many years. I have been a target of censorship for much of my adult life as well. Censors were routinely on the sets of my movies, their arms folded and stern looks on their faces. For *The Private Lives of Adam and Eve*, they required me to wear a fig leaf over my navel, the sight of which would presumably have consumed men with sexual desire and caused them to commit rape. My costar Marty Milner's belly button was left harmlessly exposed to the world. Go figure.

There was actually a headline in some East Coast newspaper that blared, "Young man commits rape after watching Mamie Van Doren movie."

I remember a conversation I had with Marilyn Monroe when she was filming *How to Marry a Millionaire* and I was filming *Ain't Misbehavin'*. We commiserated over the on-set censors, who monitored everything from the script to décolletage to hip movements in a dance number.

Al Zugsmith, director and producer of many of my movies, had to screen *Girls Town* for Cardinal Spellman himself. A perfectly innocent shower scene with no tits and no sex—just bare shoulders, soap and water and me singing—was cut at the cardinal's decree. To his credit, Zuggy said, "Your Holiness, even bad girls need to take a shower." But his Holiness was not amused.

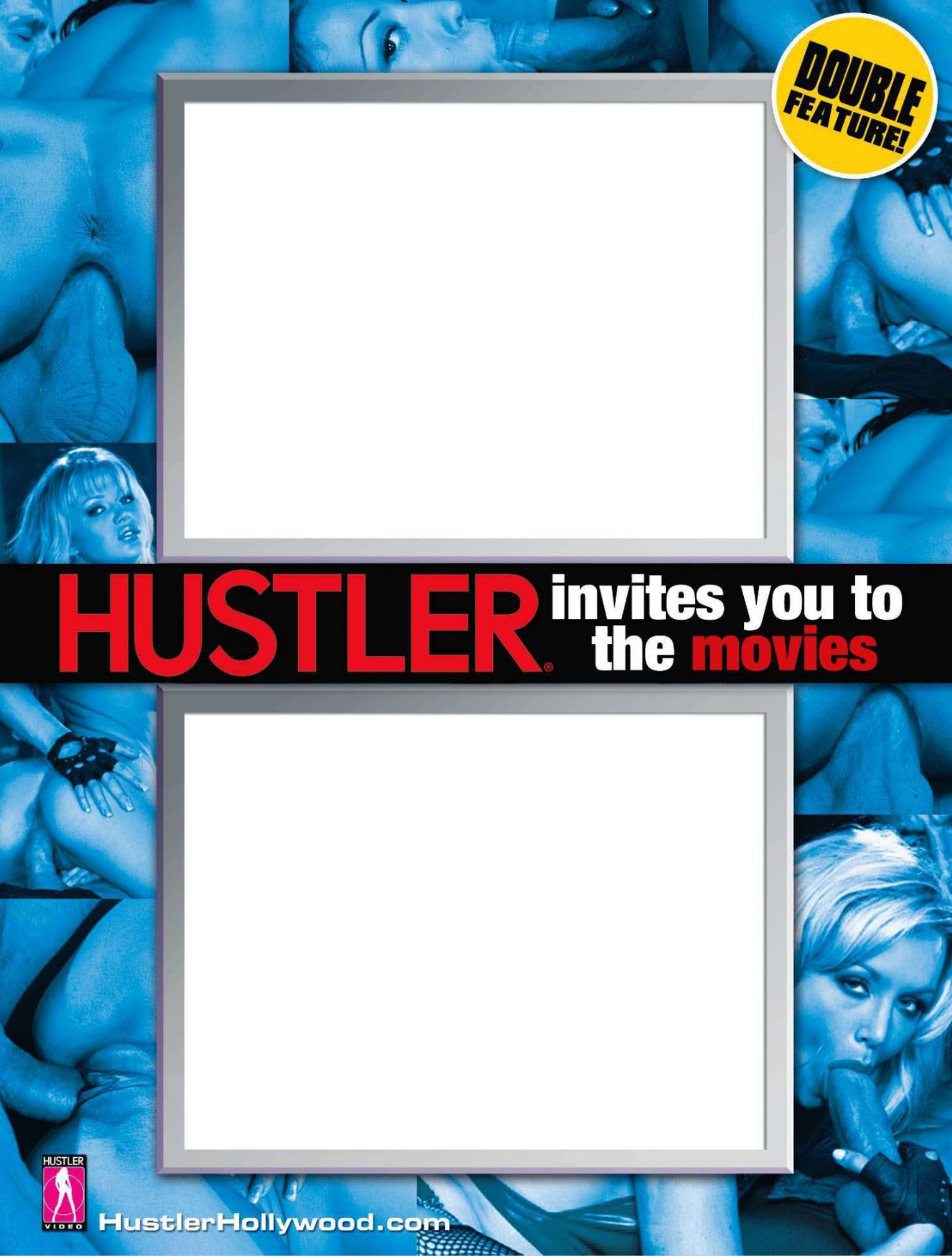
My friend Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the former L.A. Lakers star, once told me that when he attended Catholic school, the Legion of Decency always had my movies at the top of its banned list. "Those were the ones we always rushed out to see," Kareem said with a grin. One of censorship's unintended consequences is that it makes a great marketing tool.

Today we face another, even more pernicious form of censorship. While the shackles may have loosened on sex in films, books and art, there is a growing intolerance of personal lifestyles that continues to drive young gay men and women over the edge. These individuals have been so bullied and bashed by churches, government, peers and even parents that there seems no way out but suicide.

Many years ago I knew a Naval officer who'd been a swift boat skipper in Vietnam—the same gig that Senator John Kerry had when he served there. Patrolling rivers in these small vessels was considered *very* dangerous duty. To make matters worse, flying from the mast of this Navy man's boat was a silk flag that said, "Fuck Communism!" It made him and his crew Vietcong targets, and to prove it he had two worm-shaped scars on his side where enemy bullets had entered and exited.

Censorship really boils down to someone saying, "I know what's best for you." So for those who wish to censor what adults may view, say, read or write, let me paraphrase my swift boat captain: Fuck censorship!

Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.


DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com

Wage War

I'm a loyal HUSTLER reader (and a loyal letter writer), but I have to say I don't agree with Mr. Flynt's political views about the current President [*Publisher's Statement*, "The Republicans' Big Lie," December '10].

I am poor and unemployed, so to say that my situation has been helped by Mr. Obama is pure speculation. I make half the income on unemployment that I made when I worked, and I was making only $8.75 an hour. I worked for 35 years at the same job. Now I cannot find a job that will give me enough pay or hours to live on.

Mr. Flynt is right that NAFTA [North American Free Trade Agreement] has led to a loss of jobs in manufacturing, but I think the unions are also to blame for saying companies have to pay outrageous salaries. Manufacturing jobs have gone to other countries because of cheaper labor costs. From what I see, there aren't enough good-paying jobs here in North Carolina for everybody.

—Mike Breedlove
McLeansville, North Carolina

According to an *Economy in Crisis* report, "Today, top executives make, on average, 100 times more than their employees. In the 1960s, that gap was just 30 times as much." And you think the problem is unions?

Blue-Balled

I am a Marine recently deployed to Afghanistan with a little problem. Right after arriving in this shithole country, we were inspected to ensure we didn't bring in anything that is illegal here. In the process, my HUSTLER mags and *Barely Legal* DVDs were taken.

I managed to reobtain one mag. I'm just glad they didn't get my Jenna Jameson or Briana Banks porn. I managed to forget and leave them behind! Any chance you guys could help us out?

—Tristan Rorie
Charlotte, North Carolina

We've sent out many care packages in the past, but when the Pentagon decided to crack down on our type of troop support, the stuff started coming back. Unfortunately, we can't send magazines and videos to you until your commanders loosen up. Thank you for your service.

Lady Gag

I thought you told it like it is when I saw the picture of Snooki with a dick in her mouth [January '11]. She is one screwed-up idiot who seriously needs to shut up! Hopefully, Lady Gaga will get a dick in her mouth one day too!

—Paul Nathan Jr.
Cheektowaga, New York

Black Market

Great minds at HUSTLER: Has adult-video actress Tori Black ever been featured in HUSTLER? What would you say are her best DVDs?

—Samuel Canestro
Prescott, Arizona

Besides May '08 and December '08 pictorials, Tori Black plays Charmane in the HUSTLER Video/X-Play parody *Not the Cosbys XXX* (see January '10 sneak peek). Also worth checking out are HUSTLER Video's *Tori Black Superstar*, Vivid's *Batman XXX* and her scorching work with Jules Jordan Video.

Total Mayhem

My roommate and I thought the last issue was great, especially the pictures of Monica Mayhem [January '11]. She is amazingly hot! Honestly, I don't think I've ever masturbated so much to one layout. Keep up the good work.

We would also like to request a layout with a chick sporting a strap-on or even a hot transsexual like Kimber James. Transsexual erotica is becoming very popular.

—Austin Martin
Columbus, Ohio

Czech beauty Tarra White put America's tabloid trash to shame in our December '10 issue.

Screw Paris!

I'm more than a little disappointed that you devoted an entire page to showing a topless Paris Hilton photo [December '10], especially when you had two absolute bombshells in the same issue, Riley Steele and Tarra White.

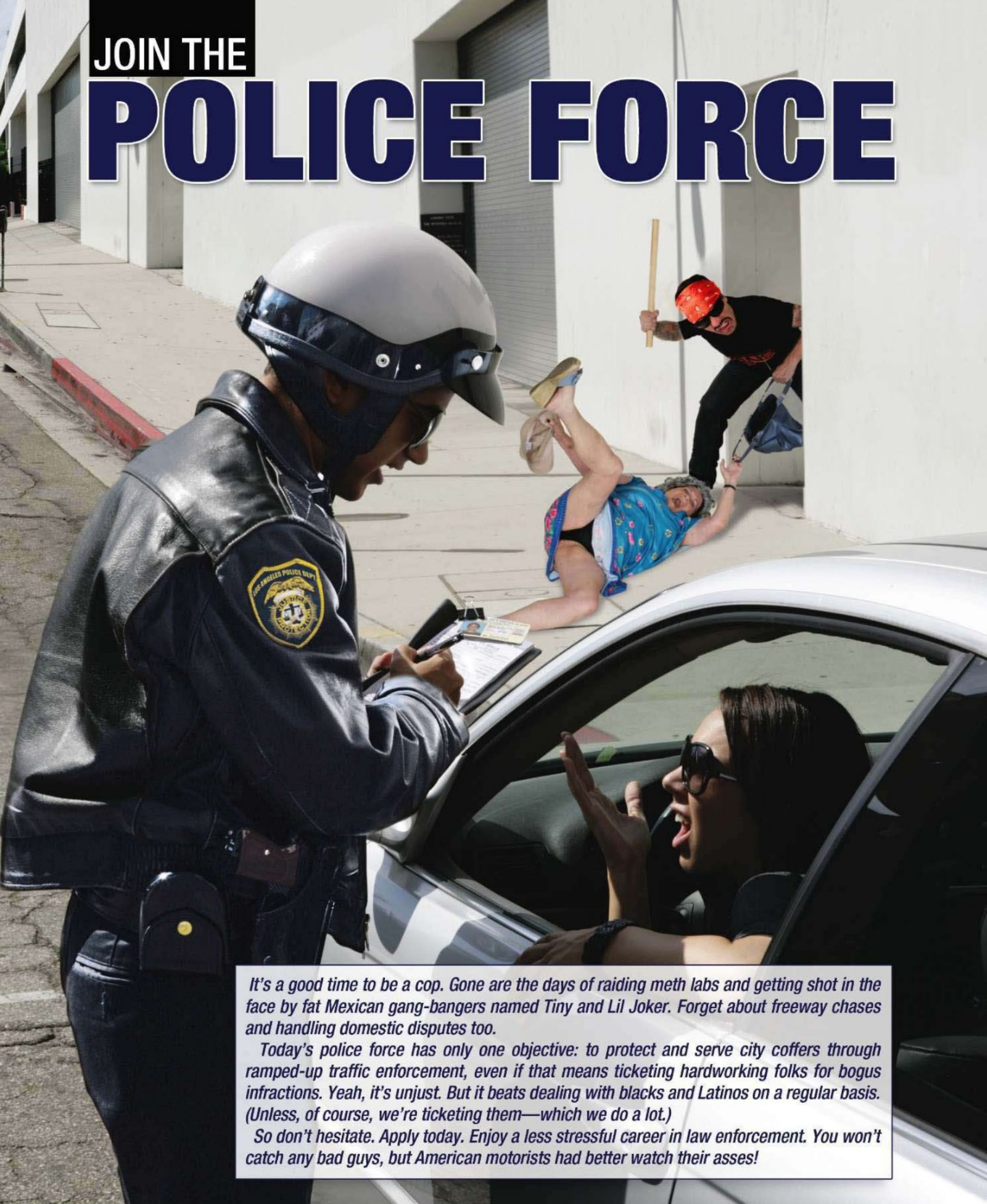
Anyone who has watched Paris's sex tape and anything HUSTLER has produced must admit this: Paris has absolutely no talent and should be ignored by everyone in hopes that, in the future, instead of seeing a blurry shot of her forgettable chest, we might be blessed with another photo of Riley Steele's naturally stunning body and hypnotic gaze or an extra photo celebrating Tarra White's representation of a porn star perfected.

With the supply of gorgeous models gracing your pages, shouldn't you leave Paris to the tabloids? **—C.L.**
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Master Class

That was a great story on Dennis Hopper [*A Life Worth Living*, December '10]. I've enjoyed many of his films. He put a rather strange twist on every role he played, often the bad guy with a heart of gold. Sure, he punched himself in the nuts every time he was on top, but he will be missed because of his talent as an actor. Some people can say "Fuck you!" with gusto, and Dennis Hopper was one of them. **—Gregory Podsada**
Trevor, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



It's a good time to be a cop. Gone are the days of raiding meth labs and getting shot in the face by fat Mexican gang-bangers named Tiny and Lil Joker. Forget about freeway chases and handling domestic disputes too.

Today's police force has only one objective: to protect and serve city coffers through ramped-up traffic enforcement, even if that means ticketing hardworking folks for bogus infractions. Yeah, it's unjust. But it beats dealing with blacks and Latinos on a regular basis. (Unless, of course, we're ticketing them—which we do a lot.)

So don't hesitate. Apply today. Enjoy a less stressful career in law enforcement. You won't catch any bad guys, but American motorists had better watch their asses!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a social commentary about local and state governments stepping up traffic enforcement and hiking fines to generate revenue under the guise of safety. The practice is on the rise across the country, but is most aggressive in California, Colorado, Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee and Massachusetts. For more information, visit **FreeExistence.org/Police_State.html**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

MITCH McCONNELL

Just look at Senator Mitch McConnell (R-Kentucky). Does this guy have a head like a turtle or what?! Whenever his mouth moves to speak, it looks as if he's chewing lettuce. And sometimes you actually expect his head to disappear into the neck of his shirt.

Of course, we don't make anyone an Asshole of the Month just for looking goofy. It's got to be because, well, these people are real assholes. Such is the case with Mitch McConnell. In fact, we may have actually found the Asshole of the Universe. Possibly even of the multiverse. (There is no alternate universe in which McConnell is not an asshole.)

Let's start with the 2008 bank bailout. McConnell took the lead when the Senate funneled $700 billion of our taxpayer money into the coffers of Wall Street's biggest speculators—without any clawbacks! While other Republicans demanded conditions be attached to the giveaway, McConnell—as Senate minority leader—successfully resisted those efforts. Thus, we all got to see Wall Street hand out record bonuses with *our* hard-earned dollars!

Why would McConnell do that? Could he possibly be in the pocket of the banksters? Consider this: Some of the politician's top donors from 2003 to 2008 included five financial/investment firms, among them Citigroup, Merrill Lynch and Bank of New York.

More recently, when the Senate once again tried to deal with Wall Street abuses, the Kentuckian actually met with 25 upper-echelon bankers and hedge fund managers. Why? Reportedly to solicit campaign contributions in exchange for killing any serious financial reform. It's called quid pro quo. It's also called whoring yourself out. And corruption. And treason, by some. (Us, actually.)

(Factoid #1: Wall Street makes no product. All the banksters do is buy and sell stocks, bonds and other commodities. This allows them to manipulate the stock market, which happened in 2008. Speculators drove up the price of crude oil from $50 to $141 a barrel, then sold their holdings, thus causing the bubble to burst big-time. Billions of dollars were sucked out of *our* pockets and into theirs.)

Mitch McConnell is the single biggest reason Wall Street is able to exploit us. He supports the ruling class, not the working class.

Want another example? How about his involvement with another industry? Since 2007 good ol' Mitch has received $513,772 from various healthcare entities. Could that be why he voted "no" on expanding the Children's Health Insurance Program and "no" on negotiating bulk purchases for Medicare prescription drugs?

That last item should be a no-brainer. Drug costs would be lowered substantially if the federal government, on behalf of the entire U.S. population, negotiated with the pharmaceutical companies. Meanwhile, our senior citizens have been compelled to sneak up to Canada, whose government does negotiate for its citizens, to obtain affordable medications.

McConnell also voted to limit damages in medical liability lawsuits to $250,000. In other words, some doctor cuts off the wrong leg, leaving you in a wheelchair for the rest of your life, and you have to settle for a measly $250,000 payoff? Is that a fair trade?

(Factoid #2: Bill McGuire, the former head of United Health Care, left the company after ten years of service with over $1 billion in compensation. The only way a CEO can make that kind of money is by denying services to policyholders, thus increasing profits and, in turn, driving up the firm's stock price. By refusing to rein in the healthcare industry, McConnell makes that immoral practice possible.)

In short, Mitch McConnell *is* the champion of no. He's the driving force behind the Republican resistance to anything President Barack Obama proposes. It's a strategy McConnell put in place even before Obama took office. According to an Associated Press analysis, McConnell has used cloture rules to block the Democratic majority more frequently and on a wider array of issues than any of his predecessors in the entire history of the U.S. Senate.

"I wish we had been able to obstruct more," McConnell told the *New York Times*. "They [Democrats] were able to get the healthcare bill through. They were able to get the stimulus through. They were able to get the financial reform through. These were all major pieces of legislation, and if I had had enough votes to stop them, I would have."

But you did have enough votes to water down the bills, didn't you, Mitch? That's why your buddies on Wall Street and in the healthcare industry are still in control, right? It's because Obama made the mistake of compromising with you and your cronies. Well played, sir! Don't fret about the impact on the average American citizen!

Finally, let's address McConnell's military service. During his final semester of law school, at the height of the Vietnam War, McConnell enlisted in the Army Reserve. But thanks to optic neuritis, a symptom of multiple sclerosis, he received a medical discharge after apparently only serving one month of active duty—in boot camp.

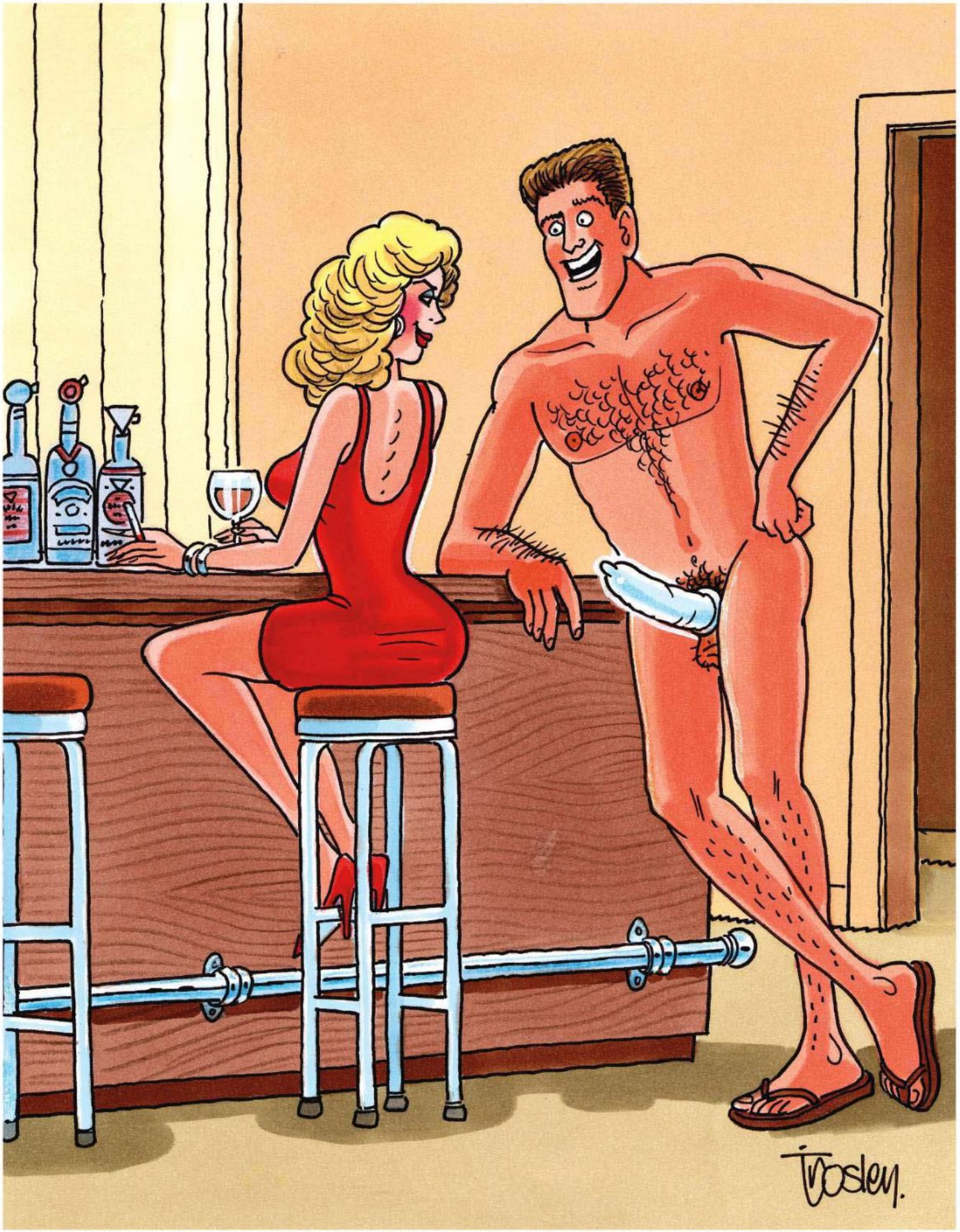
Say what?! More than 40 years later, McConnell doesn't appear to have MS. Unless optic neuritis turns you into a turtle, the pro-war senator seems to be just one more Republican chickenhawk. In other words, a coward afraid to defend his own country. But what's the big surprise? This Asshole is doing everything he can to destroy America. Or at least the middle class.

Turtle soup, anyone?

FARTS IN THE WIND

Representative Larry Brown (R-North Carolina) inspired gay activists to send empty boxes of Fruit Loops his way thanks to the Tar Heel State politician's bigoted choice of words recently. It all began when House Minority Leader Paul Stam of the North Carolina General Assembly sent an e-mail to members of his caucus announcing that House Speaker Joe Hackney, a Democrat, would be receiving an award from the gay-rights group Equality North Carolina. In turn, Brown sent an e-mail to nearly 60 of his fellow Republicans that included this remark: "I hope all the queers are thrilled to see him. I am sure there will be a couple legislative fruit loops there in the audience."

Clint McCance, an Arkansas school district official, made it clear how he felt about the death of Rutgers student Tyler Clementi and a flux of other suicides caused by bullying. When October 20, 2010, was designated Spirit Day to show support for gay youth, McCance posted the following what-happened-to-punctuation rant on his personal Facebook page: "Seriously they want me to wear purple because five queers killed themselves. The only way im wearin it for them is if they all commit suicide. I cant believe the people of this world have gotten this stupid. We are honoring the fact that they sinned and killed thereselves because of their sin." Facing widespread criticism, McCance resigned and later told CNN, "I'm sorry I made those ignorant comments and hurt people on a broad spectrum." Too little but not too late for us to brand this stinker a Fart in the Wind.



"Hi! Buy a man in uniform a drink?"

THE RIGHT TO PARTY

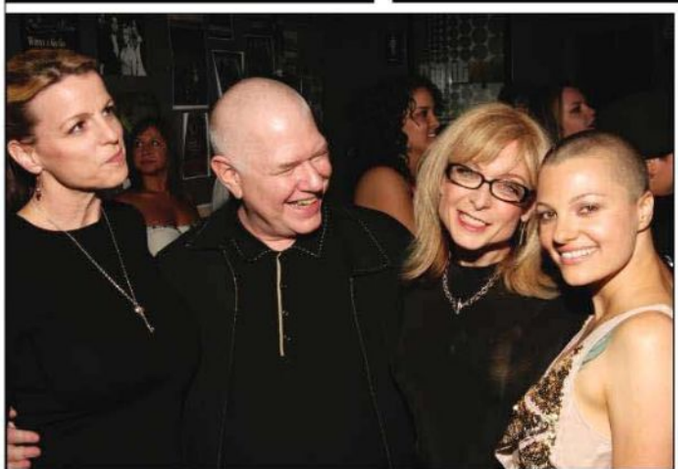
Heather Chadwell

jessica drake

Many of porn's biggest names turned out at the Whiskey A Go Go in West Hollywood for "The Freedom Party!" Hosted by HUSTLER Hollywood, the Free Speech Coalition fundraiser was a far cry from your ordinary charitable event. One of the guest MCs was reality star Heather Chadwell of VH1's *Rock of Love*. Highlights included a fake-orgasm contest (sponsored by novelty purveyor The Screaming O), a dildo-sucking showdown and a performance by Gangbang—Evan Stone's band that also boasts fellow cocksmen Barrett Blade and Dale DaBone.

Also in attendance were fan faves galore: Belladonna, Joanna Angel, Kayden Kross, Charlie Laine, Sunny Leone; industry vets Nina Hartley and Rebecca Bardoux; Wicked Girls jessica drake, Kirsten Price, Alektra Blue and Kaylani Lei; and *Piranha 3D* babe Riley Steele.

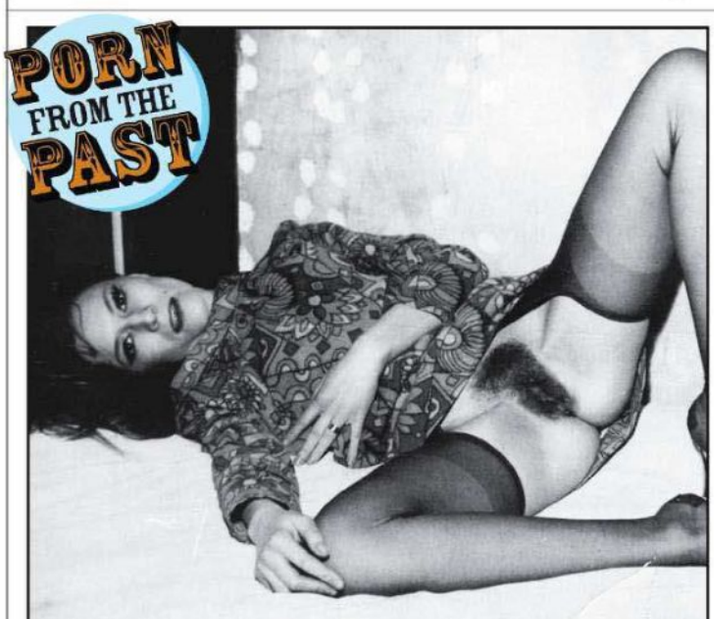
PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS


Ernest Greene, Nina Hartley and Belladonna

Brooke Bell, Joanna Angel and Sunny Leone

Erica McLean and Belladonna

PORN FROM THE PAST



In the good old days, consent meant keeping the bitch's eyes open. Thanks to J.M. of Tacoma, Washington, for this photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

VAJAZZLE DAZZLE

In an effort to make their vaginas more attractive to men, many women are paying to have Swarovski crystals applied following pube removal services. Called vajazzling, the practice was popularized by actress Jennifer Love Hewitt, who on national television admitted to blinging out her snatch.

The stick-on crystals are safe to use and come in a variety of shapes, including starbursts, hearts and butterflies. But, ladies, really, if your man has grown bored with your vajayjay, you may just want to vajazzle that hole under your nose.

For more information, visit **Vajazzling.com**.

"Let's go drink till we can't feel feelings anymore." —PETER GRIFFIN, FAMILY GUY

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Christine O'Donnell* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Christine O'Donnell has got us under her spell. The Tea Party sweetheart may have lied about her educational background, dismissed evolution as myth and admitted a dalliance with witchcraft, but we just can't stop wondering what she'd look like with a gun in her mouth. Oops, did we say gun?

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Christine O'Donnell actually exists. And if it did, you couldn't masturbate to it anyway. In her eyes, that would be a sin. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"I can drink a whole Henessey fifth. Some call that a problem, but I call it a gift." —XZIBIT, "GET YOUR WALK ON"

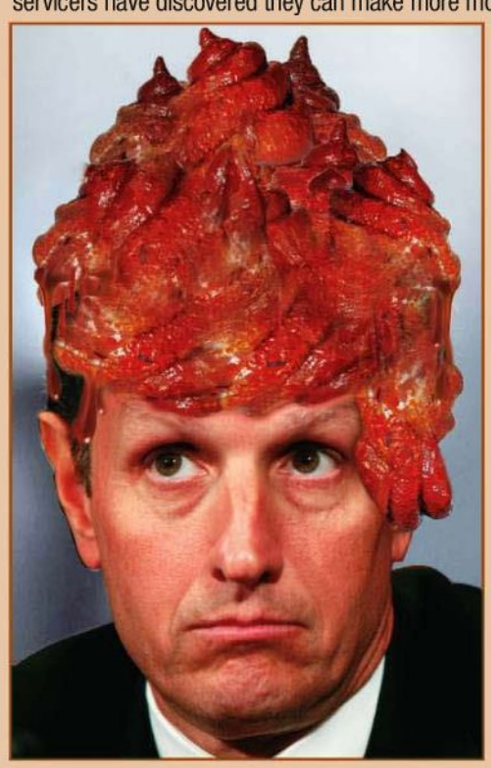
MONSTER LAUGHS!

Feeling like an unpopular ogre? Then pick up the new HUSTLER HUMOR and people will flock to you to read the irreverent jokes and ogle the outrageous cartoons inside. Forget personal hygiene and small talk. This is your ticket to acceptance and adoration! HUSTLER HUMOR is on newsstands now! To order by mail, go to page 154 for details or call 1-800-763-8271 (x7651) to purchase via credit card.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #14

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

The mortgage foreclosure crisis may soon claim you as its next victim—all because Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner, quite frankly, let it. The Home Affordable Modification Program promised to help millions of Americans stay in their homes. Instead, under HAMP, more borrowers have been booted from their homes than have received relief because banks and mortgage servicers have discovered they can make more money that way.



And what does Geithner have to say about this? His office released a statement promising that they "have a robust compliance system in place," meaning, technically, banks must certify that all pre-foreclosure options have been exhausted before your home is repossessed. But that's another promise Tim won't keep. All 50 state attorneys general have launched an investigation into the "deceptive" practices of large mortgage companies, prompting several state officials to call for a foreclosure moratorium.

NEWSBITES

Tattoo U(terus)

A California woman was shocked to discover that the gynecologist who had performed her hysterectomy had branded her name on the wall of her uterus with a cauterizing tool. The 47-year-old says she suffered burns during the surgery and has filed charges of medical negligence and battery. The gynecologist claims that the inscription was a "gesture of friendship." Meanwhile, the tattooed uterus has taken up with a biker gang that is under investigation by the DEA for drug smuggling.

Spanking the Wookie

A 28-year-old substitute teacher was arrested for unlawful behavior in a Florida Walmart. Employees told authorities that the man had been jerking off to a swimsuit mag before wiping cock-snot from his hand onto a *Star Wars* lightsaber toy. The suspected wanker was booked on charges of indecent exposure and child battery for contaminating merchandise that could have ended up in a kid's hand…or the hand of a 40-year-old fat guy wearing a Comic-Con T-shirt.

Thank You. Come Again.

An Immokalee, Florida, man was beaten to within an inch of his Mexican life when he dropped by a gas station to buy beer. According to police reports, the cashier, a Bangladesh immigrant, became enraged when the customer handed him a $50 bill. The cashier then pummeled the poor guy with a stick after declaring, "You Mexicans have too much money." The alleged assailant was charged with aggravated battery with a deadly weapon. Doctors said the victim would recover but couldn't determine why Mexicans have so much money.

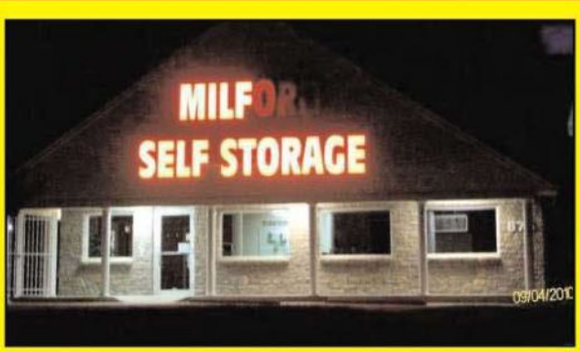
Chubby Casanovas?

Obese men have more sexual endurance than their physically superior counterparts. At least that's the finding of one scientific study. According to researchers at Turkey's Erciyes University, a fit man averages 1.8 minutes of sex before popping a load, whereas a fat man can last a whopping 7.2 minutes. The discrepancy is attributed to the fact that overweight men produce the female hormone oestradiol, which hinders their ability to ejaculate. While increased stamina may seem like something to crow about, fat guys know it will mean greater expectations in the bedroom and less time on the couch watching TV with a bucket of KFC. Damn those Turkish nerds!

WHAT NOW?!

In a glaring example of a cash-strapped municipality, firefighters from South Fulton, Tennessee, did not respond as an Obion County family's home burned to the ground. Why? Residents Lance and Paulette Cranick had failed to pay the city the annual $75 fee required to receive fire protection. Obion County doesn't have its own fire department.

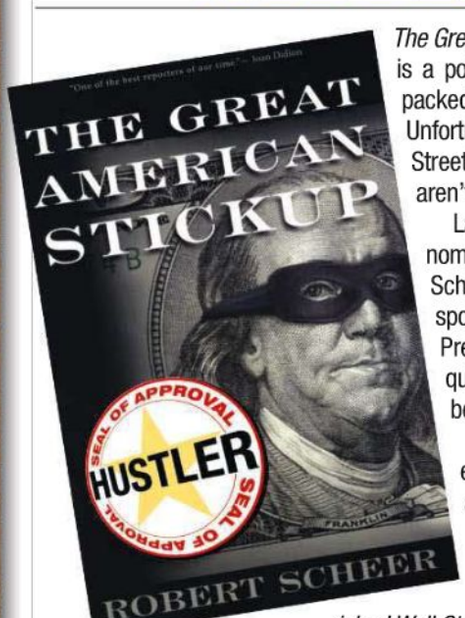
SIGN OF THE TIMES



Old broads are always a sure thing, but what to do with them in the morning can prove problematic. Here's a solution. Thanks to David Budrus of Middletown, Ohio, for giving us hope!

Seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, *Sign of the Times*, c/o Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



The Great American Stickup, by celebrated journalist Robert Scheer, is a political page-turner that reads like a fictional thriller jam-packed with shady characters, dirty deals and tragic outcomes. Unfortunately for us, the players behind the events that led to Wall Street's crash in 2008—and our current global meltdown—aren't make-believe. Nor have they gotten their comeuppance.

Lawrence Summers was named President Obama's top economic adviser despite having been an integral part of what Scheer calls "The Clinton Bubble"—the wild runup of irresponsible mortgage lending that ensued after the Democratic President deregulated the financial industry in 2000. Scheer is quick to point out, however, that America's economic failure began with the Ronald Reagan Administration.

Armed with news stories, private conversations, secret e-mails and interviews with whistle-blowers, Scheer takes aim at those responsible for what he calls "an old-fashioned swindle." Is that why Summers recently resigned?

For more information on *The Great American Stickup: How Reagan Republicans and Clinton Democrats Enriched Wall Street While Mugging Main Street*, visit **NationBooks.com**.

"I never understood social drinking; that's always seemed to me like kissing your sister."—STEPHEN KING, NOVELIST

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"Add a hundred dollars for checking new installation functionability!"

THIS AIN'T JACKING OFF TO AVATAR

Because *Avatar* fanboys suffer anxiety attacks at the thought of speaking to human girls, adult-novelty manufacturer Fleshlight has created a masturbatory aid inspired by HUSTLER Video's adult parody *This Ain't Avatar XXX*. The Alien Fleshlight, an artificial vagina that features a pearlescent blue sleeve and a mixture of the company's three inner-canal textures, allows users to get off to a Na'vi princess without having to sit through three hours of painfully awful James Cameron dialogue.

To purchase an Alien Fleshlight or a combo pack that includes a *This Ain't Avatar XXX* DVD, visit **Fleshlight.com**.

TRIUMPH & TITTIES AT THE EXOTIC DANCER AWARDS 2010

Because dollar bills and crystal meth just don't say thank you enough, the 13th Annual Exotic Dancer Awards were recently held in Las Vegas to honor the country's best strippers and the clubs in which they pretend to like you. The gala event, which took place in the Grand Ballroom of the Mirage Resort and Casino, was hosted by comedian Ralphie May. Winners included Schevelle for Overall Entertainer of the Year, Tawny Monroe for Newcomer Feature Entertainer, Lisa Ann for Adult Movie Feature Entertainer of the Year and San Francisco's HUSTLER Club for Northwest Club of the Year.

Schevelle

Host Ralphie May

Lisa Ann

Tawny Monroe

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"I only drink to steady my nerves. Sometimes I'm so steady, I don't move for months." —W.C. FIELDS, LEGENDARY ALCOHOLIC

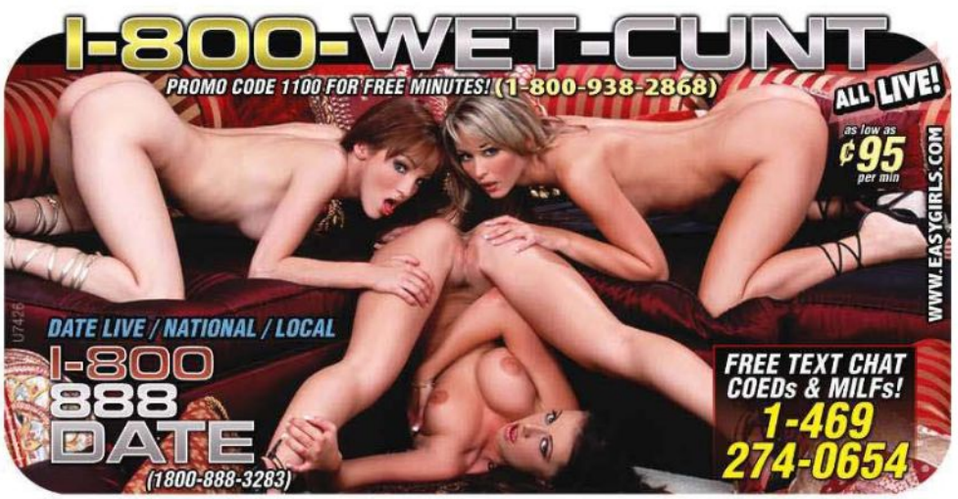
65¢
per min
1-on-1
wet pleasures
only .95¢/min
Group
XXX orgies
only .65¢/min
I'm ready for a wreckin'
1-800-
669-0000
Plus a small $2.95 connect fee. Adults 18+ only

89¢
per min
Fill me up for cheap...
1-800-TO-WHORE
Plus a small $3.89 connect fee. Adults 18+ only

1-800
PROMO CODE 1100
WET FUCK
(1-800-938-3825)
ALL LIVE!
AS HARD OR AS SOFT AS YOU WANT IT!
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
MEET LOCAL GIRLS
1-800-888-DATE
(1-800-888-3283)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654

WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
ALL REAL
RUB YOUR LOAD ON MY REAL...
1-800
WET TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
PROMO CODE 1100
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
All models 18+
LOCAL BABES!
1-800-888-DATE
(1-800-888-3283)

1-800 WET-CLIT
(1-800-938-2548)
PROMO CODE 1100 FOR FREE MINUTES
ALL NEW!
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
MY TIGHT PUSSY IS EAGER TO PLEASE
LOCAL & NATIONAL GIRLS
1-800-888-DATE
(1-800-888-3283)
as low as 95¢ MIN


1-800-WET-CUNT
PROMO CODE 1100 FOR FREE MINUTES! (1-800-938-2868)
ALL LIVE!
as low as ¢95 per min
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
DATE LIVE / NATIONAL / LOCAL
1-800 888 DATE
(1800-888-3283)
FREE TEXT CHAT
COEDs & MILFs!
1-469 274-0654

AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
1-800 PROMO CODE 1100
WET PUSSY
(1-800-938-7877)
I'LL BE YOUR SECRET
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
All models 18+
LIVE TEXT CHAT:
1-469-274-0654

Guess Who Wins This Guessing Game

My wife was tied naked to the bed. Her arms and legs were spread. A thick handkerchief was wrapped tightly around her eyes, rendering her virtually blind.

I stopped a minute in the doorway to drink in the sight. Mia looked stunningly beautiful. Chestnut curls framed a face that would make angels jealous. Firm B-cup breasts rose and fell with each breath. Long, long legs were stretched taut, ankles bound with strips of velvet to the bedposts. Pussy juice glistened on her fat cunt lips, and her clit was rigid and swollen. My mouth watered, and my fuckstick pulsed.

I wanted to tell Mia how hot she looked and how lucky I felt to be her husband, but I wasn't allowed to talk. That was part of the bet. So instead I approached the bed. Starting with her breasts and working down to her perfect size-6 feet, I massaged Mia's body, caressing her soft flesh with my rough hands. I kneaded her fine titties, kissed her bellybutton, palmed her hips. But I was careful to bypass her baby-smooth mound and her quim. I wanted the anticipation to build. My wife struggled in her bonds and made little whimpering sounds.

Continuing down to her feet, I lapped at her high arches and nursed on each toe. Then slowly I worked my way back up—pausing to lick behind her kneecaps, lingering to nip at her thighs—before I suddenly planted my mouth full on her pussy and tongue-lunged deep into pink. Delicious! Curling my taster, I jabbed at Mia's G spot, and she was coming. Her hips rose off the mattress. Slit juice dripped down my chin.

She was still climaxing when I replaced my tongue with cock. I pressed my dick cap to her labes and fully penetrated her cunt in one thrust. Jesus! Her sleeve was hot and tight and wet! Her twat clamped down around my shaft. The whole scene was so erotic, so electric, I knew I wasn't going to last long. I went for it. Slipping my hands beneath Mia's ass and grabbing on to her butt cheeks, I fucked her good—long strokes, back to the crown, in to the base.

My wife was moaning, whipping her head from side to side and straining to free her arms. The knots held.

My nuts tightened. Inside of two minutes I was spraying. Pulling back, I let the last of my jizz dribble onto her tummy and smeared it all around with my peckerhead. It was my signature move, the way I always liked to end a good screw.

Then I got up and left the bedroom, confident that the $500 wager was mine. I was already thinking of ways to spend the money when I entered the den, high-fived Daniel, my twin brother, and told him it was his turn.

Let me explain. My brother and I are identical twins—so exactly identical in looks and mannerisms that all through high school and college we swapped classes and girlfriends without anyone ever the wiser.

Tonight, over tumblers full of whiskey, Daniel had regaled Mia, my wife of one year, with stories of those swaps. With each glass of whiskey, the tales grew increasingly torrid. Mia swore up and down that there was no way she could ever, ever be duped. She knew her husband backward and forward. I had to agree with her. Mia was pretty damn smart, and we had been intimate for a year before we married, so two years in all. Daniel, on the other hand, avowed that even in bed my wife wouldn't be able to tell us apart.

Three more tumblers of booze, and Daniel was betting me $500 that, bound and blindfolded, Mia couldn't tell the difference between us in the sack. My wife was all for the wager. For one thing, she assured me we would win. For another, she's always been wild. In fact, our second date ended in a threeway with her best friend.

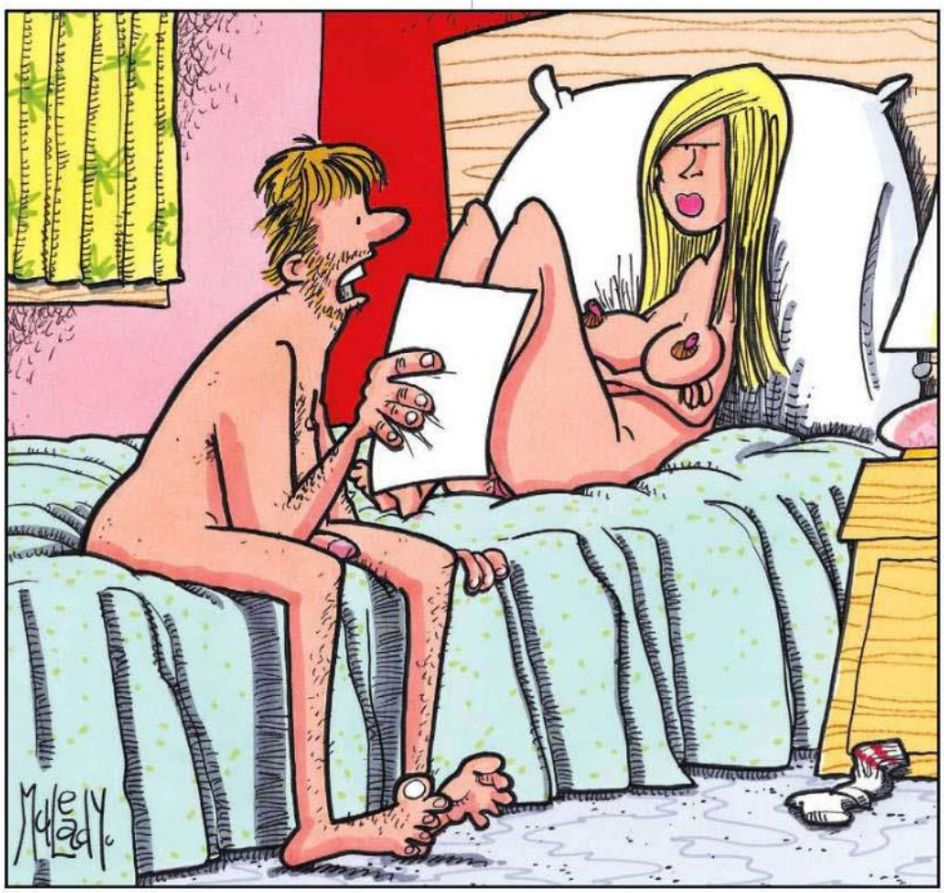
Anyway, ground rules were laid, my wife was tied to the bed, and Daniel and I tossed a quarter to see who went first. I won, and now I sat in the den, gloating over money I was sure would be ours.

Thirty minutes later a smiling Daniel was back, and together we went to the bedroom to untie my wife and remove her blindfold. It was time for the $500 question. "Mia," I asked, "who fucked you first? Daniel or me?"

Mia swung her head from me to my brother and back to me. Throwing up her arms, she cried, "Honestly, guys, I think we need to go again for me to be sure."

It was then I realized that my wife had an agenda of her own.

—E.F.
Galveston, Texas



"I've written a loyalty oath, sort of like the Republicans', but with mine all you have to do is suck dick and fuck like Lindsay Lohan just getting out of jail."

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

GEEK
GODDESS
APRIL O'NEIL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZERANDALL.COM

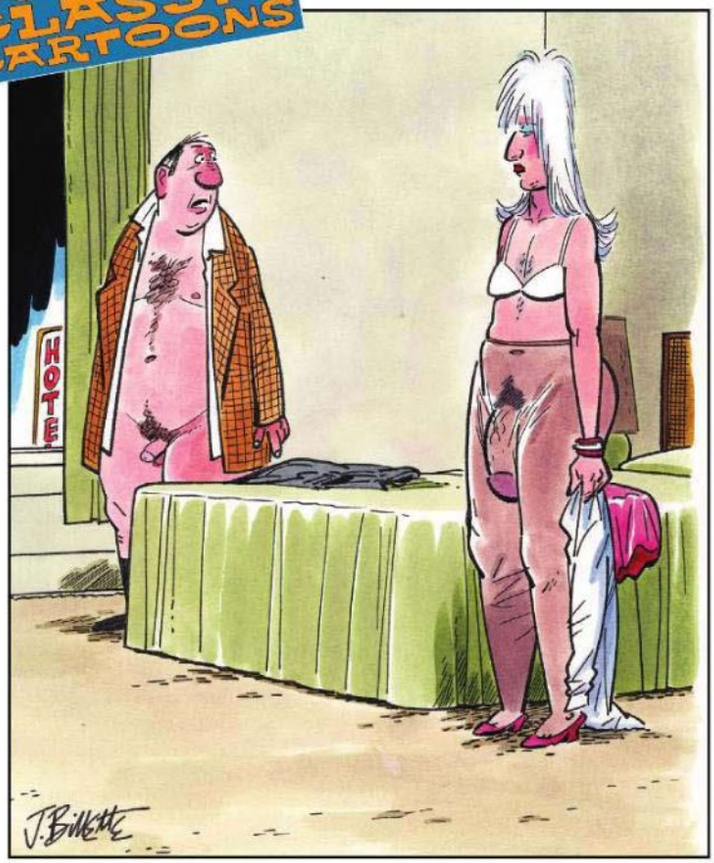
If you know that **April O'Neil** took her name from a character in Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, there's a good chance you haven't moved out of your mother's basement. But don't feel bad: The chesty chiquita from Arizona loves guys like you.

"I've read that geeks are great in bed because they tend to put the girl's needs ahead of their own," **April** says. "They just try harder. They don't take the experience for granted. I think that's really cool. I would, like, totally date a geek."

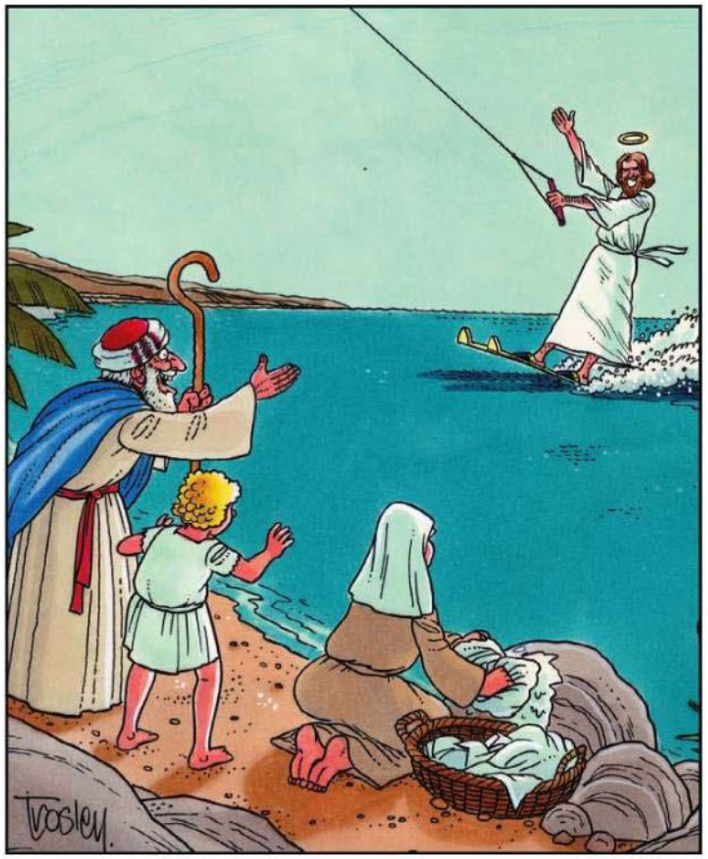
But don't go borrowing Mom's station wagon just yet, fellas. **April** believes there's a hierarchy among nerds. "The IT computer geeks are the rock stars," she explains. "They create social networks and software programs to rule the world—and make millions doing so. Sci-fi geeks are open-minded and imaginative. Gamers are laid-back and good to smoke a J with. The only ones who make me nervous are the mouth breathers because they're just a little too passionate about cosplay [costumed role-playing]. It's like, I don't really wanna fuck General Grievous."

What about Donatello, the technological genius of TMNT? "Oh, yeah, I'd totally do him," **April** replies with a laugh. "You know what they say about turtles: They do it slowly."

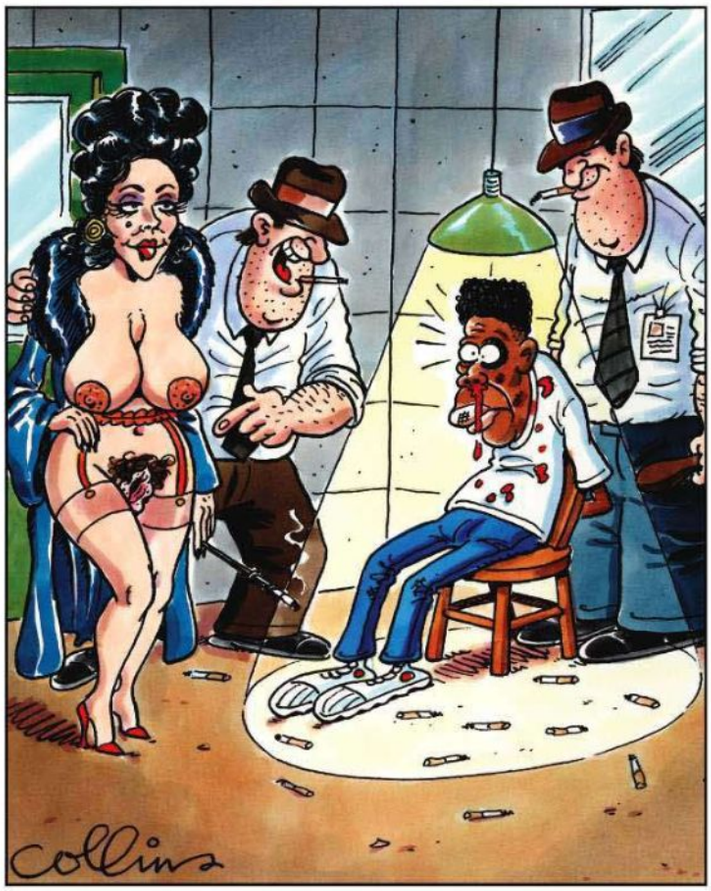
APRIL O'NEIL'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Phoenix, Arizona | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-1 | WEIGHT: 90



"I'm not mad that you fooled me, 'Randi.' I'm upset that you're better hung than me!"



"Wow! Yesterday he was only walking on it..."



"What's it going to be, Lucious? You gonna confess or do we make you eat pussy?"

BY SCOTT FAYNER

BLUE-MOVIE Romances

THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE UGLY

Passions run wild as the cameras roll and even more dramatically in the performers' private lives.

Briana Banks and Bobby Vitale in Jail Babes #19, courtesy of HUSTLER Video

It's no surprise that porn people stick with their own when seeking companionship. But, as you will soon find out, the relationships aren't always as compatible as peach-fuzzed pussies and rock-hard cocks.

For the record, I married smut slut **TAYLOR RAIN** in 2004 during the *AVN* expo in Las Vegas. We had been up all week partying and paid the price. Following the nuptials, instead of walking the red carpet at the star-studded awards show, we made a nasty bee line for an emergency room, where we spent our first night as Mr. and Mrs. Scott Fayner detoxing. Taylor and I split up a few months later. Since we never filed the marriage license in California (the joke was Taylor had smoked it), we were free to divvy up the drugs and go our separate ways.

Breakups don't always go that smoothly. At the 1993 *AVN* expo veteran male performer **CAL JAMMER** wasted no time scooping up **JILL KELLY**, who hadn't even shot her first scene yet. Within a few months they'd tied the knot, with Cal vowing to leave the industry. But he just couldn't tear himself away.

"He was the first man I ever trusted," Jill later said in an interview, "and he lied to me. That's when our marriage started to fall apart." Since Cal didn't want his wife doing sex films, Jill went to work as a stripper to pay both their bills.

Once Jill finally made the XXX leap, the newbie's star rose as quickly as Cal's dick shrank. She'd become a much bigger name. This bothered the hard-working stuntcock enough to negatively impact his on-screen performances and the couple's relationship.

"Cal was a little boy trying to be a man," Jill recalled. "I couldn't satisfy him; no woman could. We'd get in a fight, and I'd say I was going to leave. He

would say he was going to kill himself. He had talked about killing me or himself for two years, so I couldn't take him seriously."

Eventually she left Cal, and he told anyone who would listen that he couldn't go on without her. Then—on January 25, 1995—he called fellow porn actor Buck Adams. "What I'm thinking is to hurt her and then hurt myself," Buck remembers Cal screaming. Buck quickly called Jill and warned her.

Later that day, Cal Jammer shot himself in the head in front of Jill Kelly's home as she hid in an upstairs bathroom. "I saw his brains," she recalled. "It looked like chewed up hot dogs coming out of the top of his head."

Any adult-industry scholar will be hard-pressed to find a more dysfunctional porn couple than former Vivid Video contract girl **BRIANA BANKS** and **BOBBY VITALE**. Until they split in 2005, drugs, violence and drama followed this toxic duo. During their five-year reign they consumed massive amounts of crack (their drug of choice, Briana once told me) and nearly every other available drug.

Briana was often seen wobbly and disconnected for her Vivid shoots (see *Briana's Backyard BBQ* and *End Game*), her famously long legs so weak that she could barely stand, let alone perform in a sex scene. During an interview I conducted with the couple in 2004, Briana and Bobby took turns answering questions while the other went upstairs to hit the crack pipe—all the time claiming they were clean and sober.

A month or two later I was informed that Briana, in a rage, had hit Bobby with her car, pinning him against the back wall of their garage. (He allegedly had beaten her up one too many times.)

After a night trying to sleep it off with painkillers, Bobby finally went to the doctor. He was diagnosed with a fractured pelvis, broken urethra and lacerated bladder. Told he would never walk again, Bobby hired an Army Ranger to help with his rehabilitation. Within months he was back on his feet, once even hobbling to attack a neighbor, fellow porn guy Pat Myne.

Later in 2004, Bobby almost "accidentally" cut off one of Briana's fingers just before an East Coast dancing gig. They hastily taped it up, but Briana collapsed onstage during her show. She was treated at a local hospital for serious nerve and tendon damage. The relationship fizzled soon after, and so did their substance abuse. Both Briana and Bobby eventually quit drugs. *Phew!*

Drugs aren't always the cause of a soured porn relationship. Sometimes the culprit is just a crazy asshole. Take former male performer **MICKEY G.**, who entered the butt-banging business with his wife **MISSY** in 1994. Many have stated that her recruitment wasn't voluntary. Word has it Mickey forced Missy into the industry with threats of violence. In fact, many of the scenes the couple performed together were extremely aggressive, an unusual occurrence back then.

In an interview with *AVN* in 2001, stuntcock Hank Armstrong remembered when Missy confided to porn actress Anna Malle that she feared what Mickey would do if she tried to quit the biz. That same year, Missy sent a letter to *AVN* announcing her retirement and the reason why. Having experienced what she called "a mental breakdown," Missy planned to pursue "a new life with God."

"I fear for all of you [in porn] because I met something that was pure evil in that industry," she wrote. God wasn't much help: Missy died of an accidental overdose of prescription pills in 2008.

But Mickey G. wasn't done yet. He dated a few porn babes in the early 2000s—and was known to like guys as well. (He once even attempted to lure this writer to his boat in Marina del Rey.) Around 2006, Mickey eventually settled down with B-list actress **ROXETTA**.

According to her, Mickey was thrown in jail for possessing marijuana plants. During the time he was behind bars Roxetta began having sex with another man, Ken. When Mickey got out, she continued her sexual relationship with Ken while Mickey either joined in or merely watched and jerked off.

One day, coming home to find Roxetta getting banged by Ken, Mickey flipped

Jill Kelly and Cal Jammer in *White Shadows*; inset shot of Jill Kelly from *Brown Eyed Blondes*; photos courtesy of VCA

Missy and Mickey G. from *Heart & Soul*; photograph courtesy of Wicked Pictures

Tera Patrick and Spyder Jonez (Evan Seinfeld) in *Desperate*; courtesy of Vivid.com

Ernest Greene and Nina Hartley, photo by Gia Jordan

out because he hadn't been there to watch. He left, returning later with a knife and a cup full of battery acid. Ken is now permanently blind in one eye, while Mickey G. was sentenced to five years in the slammer.

EVAN SEINFELD had already worked his way to the middle as an actor and musician (HBO's *Oz*, Biohazard) when he married premier jizz junkie **TERA PATRICK** in 2004. He entered the porn business soon after, performing exclusively with his wife under the name Spyder Jonez. But Tera's fans were not keen on seeing Seinfeld's lackluster, tattooed dick penetrating their favorite slut's pussy, and neither were her employers—first Digital Playground, then Vivid.

Inevitably, Tera was bullied into performing with other men. It must have been particularly aggravating to Seinfeld that in her first movie without him as her partner she did two guys at once! Hubby had to settle for a scene with another female.

Many felt that by working with other talent, Tera and Evan were headed for divorce, so it was no surprise when the pair announced their split in 2009. In her autobiography, *Sinner Takes All*, Tera wrote that she'd issued an ultimatum—her or his porn career—and Seinfeld chose the latter. He started dating Latin beauty **LUPE FUENTES** soon after the breakup.

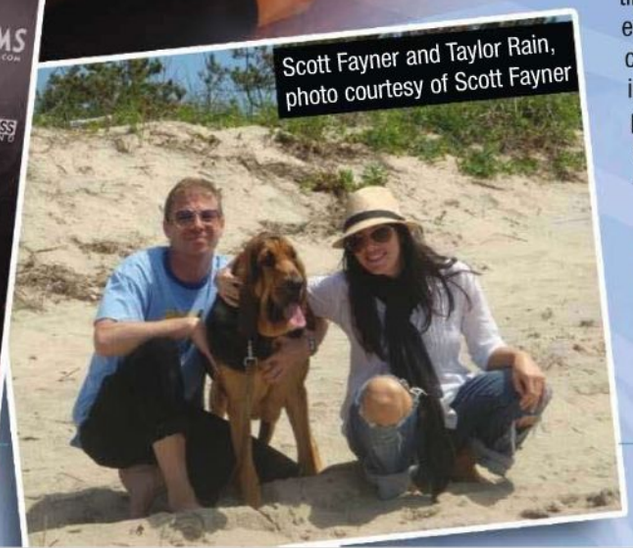
Even porn royalty **JENNA JAMESON** and **JAY GRDINA** couldn't keep their castle from crumbling to the ground. Following the lucrative sale of the couple's Club Jenna Web site to Playboy in 2006, Jenna—citing irreconcilable differences—filed for legal separation from Grdina after three years of marriage and nearly eight under the same roof. While many in the industry felt that money played a role in the split—Grdina was the crafty puppet-master behind Jenna's mainstream success—it was clear that jealousy also reared its ugly head.

However, neither spent too much time sulking. Jenna sprang hard for rocker **DAVE NAVARRO** before hooking up with MMA fighter **TITO ORTIZ**, now the father of her twin boys. Meanwhile, Grdina was briefly linked to former Miss USA **SHANNA MOAKLER**.

In August 2006 the one-time Mr. Jameson was accused of pulling a stripper's hair and shoving her to the floor while partying with ex-basketball player Dennis Rodman at a Scotts-

Jenna Jameson and Jay Grdina in *Burn*, courtesy of Vivid.com

John Stagliano and Tricia Devereaux, photo by Gia Jordan



Scott Fayner and Taylor Rain, photo courtesy of Scott Fayner

dale, Arizona, gentlemen's club. Although the charges were eventually dropped, Grdina has yet to regain his vaunted stature.

Jenna's new life hasn't been an easy one either. In early 2010, Tito Ortiz was arrested at the couple's home for felony domestic abuse following a dispute that escalated when the "Huntington Beach Bad Boy" claimed he'd found Jenna's stash of OxyContin. Criminal charges were ultimately dropped, and the couple has since reconciled. (Ortiz was profiled in the January '11 HUSTLER.)

This isn't to say every porn union is a disaster waiting to happen. Sometimes love withstands all the temptations and evils. Take porn gal **TRICIA DEVEREAUX** and Evil Angel head honcho **JOHN STAGLIANO**. When they hit it off in 1998, both had recently been diagnosed with HIV. John had contracted the virus thanks to a Brazilian shemale, while Tricia was one of five adult actresses who'd been infected after working with male performer Marc Wallice, who knowingly doctored health records upon learning he was HIV-positive. Tricia and John wed in 2008 and are the parents of a nine-year-old girl.

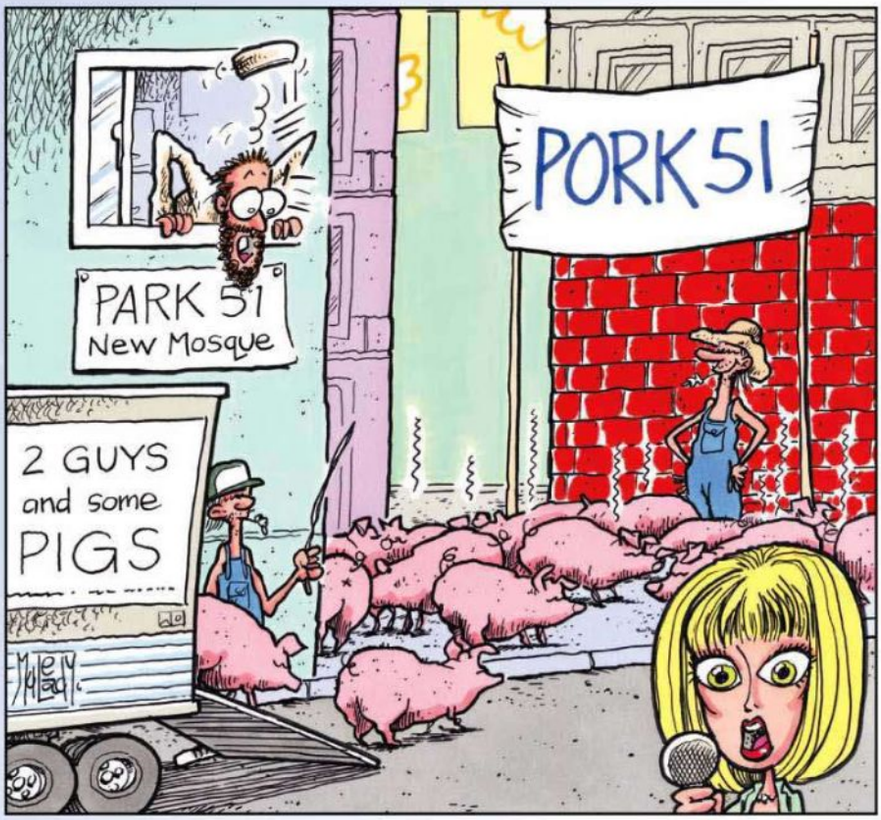
"I think that porn relationships have more difficulties than nonporn relationships," Tricia maintains. "A porn relationship can be so much more difficult because we have to constantly be sexual with other people. If one person in the relationship gets jealous or is insensitive, it can eat away at his or her partner. Sometimes, once a person starts doing porn, having a relationship with someone else in the industry is the easiest way to go. Each of them understands that porn is just a job—one that can be enjoyed—but that at the end of the day it was just a job."

Longtime fetish director and HUSTLER'S TABOO Executive Editor **ERNEST GREENE**, who has been involved with porn legend **NINA HARTLEY** for nearly 20 years, feels that "performers have to make some kind of contact with each other to do good scenes, and that contact doesn't always fade away when the director calls a wrap. Temptation abounds, and for young performers, that can be problematic. My advice? Be aware that the job is always a third partner and stay out of each other's business unless you're working together."

Can anything be done to assure that future porn performers don't make the same mistakes in their personal relationships as those in the past? Probably not. There's never been a shortage of impressionable young people willing to test the limits of freedom and stupidity.

Massachusetts native Scott Fayner currently resides in Boston, where he writes about porn and dogs—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to such publications as the *Boston Phoenix*, *Technology Review* and *K9 Magazine*, the onetime HUSTLER staffer publishes the online canine magazine *MassArf*.

"It became a crack house, thank God! ... We were afraid it was going to become a *mosque!*"

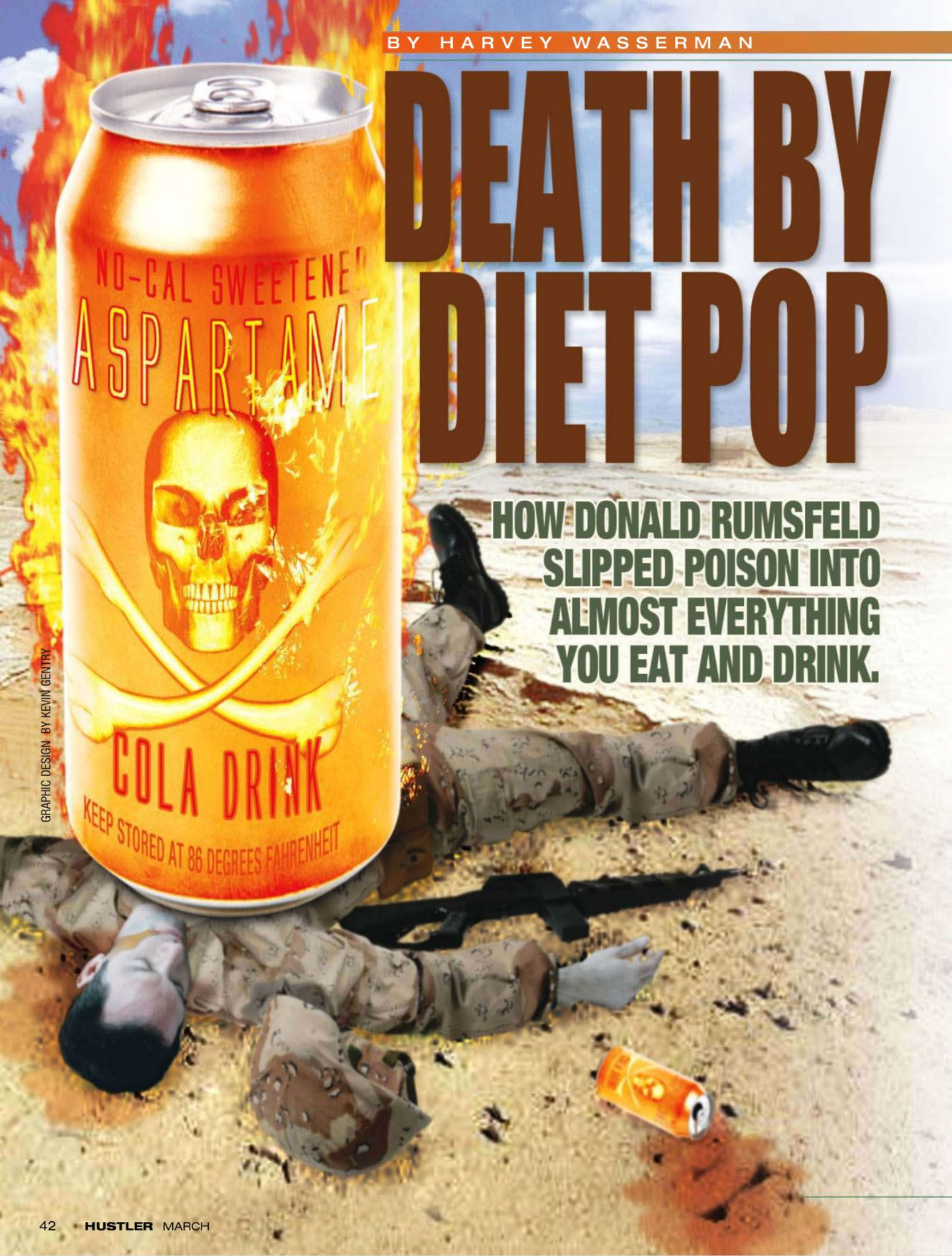


"The Ground Zero mosque controversy heated up today when a group of American pig farmers purchased the land right next to where the mosque is to be built. Th-th-th-that's all, folks!"

BY HARVEY WASSERMAN

DEATH BY DIET POP

HOW DONALD RUMSFELD SLIPPED POISON INTO ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU EAT AND DRINK.



GRAPHIC DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY

Saudi Arabia, 1991: Pallets of diet soda sat on the blistering tarmac as Operation Desert Storm raged all around. With temperatures soaring in the blazing sun, the three chemical components of the beverage's key ingredient—the bitterly controversial no-cal sweetener aspartame—turned poisonous.

At 86 degrees Fahrenheit the methanol (a deadly toxin) in aspartame began to convert to, among other things, formaldehyde and formic acid. Most of the cans would be re-refrigerated, but when our thirsty troops drank the chemical brew, it would join with other toxins to help cause, some believe, Gulf War Syndrome.

During the liberation of Saudi Arabia's neighbor Kuwait—the First Gulf War against Iraq—only a relatively few precious American lives were lost. But in the years since, hundreds of thousands of veterans from that campaign have been crippled by a horrifying range of ailments. Under brand names like NutraSweet, Equal and AminoSweet the same aspartame that may have harmed them is now embedded in over 6,000 food and drink products consumed by hundreds of millions of people in more than 90 countries.

Fittingly, Donald Rumsfeld—Secretary of Defense under Presidents Gerald Ford and George W. Bush—was the former CEO of G.D. Searle & Company, a worldwide pharmaceutical supplier and original owner of the aspartame patent. After Rumsfeld helped legalize the mass use of aspartame, he made a financial killing when Searle was absorbed by Monsanto Company. Meanwhile, veterans of the First Gulf War—and the rest of us—still pay dearly.

Aspartame took Searle out of the trash heap. It has made billions in profits from the white powder that is believed to have spawned a devil's headstone of diseases. These include Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, lupus, multiple sclerosis, cancer, brain tumors, blurred vision and blindness, dementia, epilepsy, grand mal seizures, migraines, autism, congenital brain damage, diabetes and—surprise!—obesity.

Today aspartame is produced and distributed by hundreds of companies worldwide. It's in almost every wrapped or bottled substance you eat or drink. It may be the source of a rampant, hugely expensive public health epidemic that's crippling America and other nations around the globe.

Aspartame was discovered in 1965 by chemist James M. Schlatter, who was looking for an anti-ulcer drug. When Schlatter accidentally licked his finger, he tasted a substance almost 200 times sweeter than sugar, but with no calories. Teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, Searle knew what it had. America wanted to be slim and slender at the same time it consumed the mountains of sugar that were pouring into soft drinks and packaged food.

Aspartame was looking like a cash bonanza. Never mind that the substance comprises three excitotoxins that put holes in baby mouse brains and is suspected of seriously damaging human nervous systems.

For years Searle chiseled away at the Food and Drug Administration, demanding Schlatter's miracle powder be approved for general use. But aspartame's blend of aspartic acid, phenylalanine and methanol had deadly side effects. In 1967 a Searle scientist fed seven monkeys aspartame-laced milk: One died; five had grand mal seizures. In 1971 Washington University neuroscientist Dr. John W. Olney warned Searle that aspartic acid can perforate the brains of lab animals.

The phenylalanine had serious impacts of its own, but the methanol (a/k/a wood alcohol) was worse. When heated, it turns into formaldehyde, which is used to embalm dead bodies, and then to formic acid, the same toxin found in the venom of bee and ant stings. Leave an opened can of diet soda at room temperature for more than ten days, and that's what you'll get.

In 1974, over widespread objections of research scientists, the FDA approved aspartame's limited use in dry products. Official investigators reported they "had never seen anything as bad as Searle's testing." As a result, the approval was quickly frozen by then-FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt. In 1977 the FDA asked the U.S. Attorney's Office to convene a grand jury to investigate whether Searle had knowingly misrepresented findings, concealed material facts and made false statements.

As proceedings began, the government's chief investigator, Samuel Skinner, stepped down and joined Searle's law firm. The pharmaceutical giant then recruited Rumsfeld as its CEO. Dubbed a "ruthless little bastard" by his mentor, Richard Nixon, Rumsfeld ran Gerald Ford's White House before being named defense secretary. Later, as part of the Reagan transition team (while still CEO of Searle), he began pushing the FDA to lift its ban on aspartame.

Meanwhile, the flood of warnings continued. According to neuroscientist Olney, lab tests showed a 25% increase in tumors and brain damage in monkeys, as well as a 65% increase in humans, since aspartame was approved. Decrying Searle's methods and findings as "bizarre," Mississippi-based neuropathologist Dr. Russell Blaylock warned that humans may be far more sensitive to damage from aspartame than mice and monkeys.

Searle's "scientific" methods were deemed "sloppy" by a 1976 FDA task force. It said the company's "research" was filled with "clerical errors, mixed-up animals, animals not getting the drugs they were supposed to get, pathological specimens lost because of improper handling, and a variety of other errors, [which] even if innocent, all conspire to obscure positive findings and produce falsely negative results." Moreover, a 1980 FDA Board of Inquiry found that aspartame "might induce brain tumors" in violation of the Delaney Clause, passed in 1958, which requires that any product shown to cause cancer in lab animals must be taken off the market. Aspartame was, but not for very long.

Nevertheless, aspartame's defenders now call the sweetener one of the "most studied products in history." But nearly all the studies with independent funding show aspartame to be extremely hazardous.

Such findings didn't stop Rumsfeld. Once President Ronald Reagan took office in 1981, Rumsfeld used his stronghold on the transition team to dump the head of the FDA. He installed Dr. Arthur Hull Hayes, whose very first official act was to rig an advisory team and approve aspartame for mass use in dry products.

Two years later, before being shoved out the door for ethical violations, Hayes performed one final act as FDA commissioner: He approved aspartame for use in diet soda and other beverages. The certification came despite objections from the National Soft Drink Association, which warned that the sweetener's safety had not been proven.

Hayes landed at Burson Marsteller, the prime PR firm for Searle and Monsanto, which bought the company in 1985 for $2.7 billion. It's widely believed that Reagan minion Rumsfeld personally netted some $12 million.

As aspartame poured into America's food and drink, more than 10,000 health complaints poured into the FDA. America had become a test lab filled with human subjects and no pretense of science. Amid the uproar, Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D-Ohio) held high-profile hearings. "By ignoring the safety concerns which have been raised," he warned, "we are potentially jeopardizing the health and safety of over 100 million

will she?
our excellence rests in the details
THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS
United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain
THEEROTICREVIEW.COM

Americans who are ingesting NutraSweet [Searle's aspartame sugar substitute] in everything from soft drinks to pudding to children's cold remedies."

In 1985, Metzenbaum sponsored a Senate bill calling for independent studies of aspartame's impact on brain chemistry, fetuses and pregnant women, seizures, interactions with other drugs, and neurological effects.

Monsanto had the bill killed in committee. In 2005 the FDA ceased collecting reaction reports or monitoring studies on aspartame.

With the government's blessing, Monsanto was selling the stuff by the hundreds of tons per year. Its Searle division became hugely profitable. Overall sales increased from 220 tons in 1982 to 10,200 tons in 1995. A good part of that huge jump occurred in 1992, when the patent expired, allowing dozens of companies to add aspartame into their products.

In 1996, Dr. Ralph Walton of Northeastern Ohio Universities gave CBS-TV's *60 Minutes* a survey of 165 studies on aspartame. All 74 sponsored by the industry showed zero health effects. But 84 of 91 funded from non-industry sources showed serious impacts. Six of the other seven came from the revolving-door FDA.

Research on toxic chemicals is generally conducted with rats, monkeys and other laboratory animals. On the other hand, aspartame's test subjects are hundreds of millions of people all over the world. As much as half of the U.S. population consumes something containing aspartame every day.

Providing vital research on its adverse effects are such medical doctors as H.J. Roberts. His comprehensive book *Aspartame Disease: An Ignored Epidemic* discusses hun-

(continued on page 62)

ASPARTAME ON STEROIDS

Neotame, a souped-up version of aspartame approved by the FDA in 2002, is "the most potent chemical sweetener marketed today," according to Dr. Janet Starr Hull, a leading nutritionist and aspartame critic.

"This is a new, potentially toxic form of aspartame," warns Mary Nash Stoddard of the Aspartame Consumer Safety Network (**AspartameSafety.com**). "It will be ubiquitous in the food supply."

Dr. Hull says Neotame—which has been approved for unlabeled use throughout Europe, China, Australia and elsewhere—can be 7,000 to 13,000 times sweeter than sugar.

Stoddard points out that "the new ingredient [NutraSweet Company] added to aspartame to make Neotame—3,3-dimethylbutyl—was on the Environmental Protection Agency's list of 'Most Hazardous Chemicals' in 1998."

Hull and Stoddard agree that Neotame's presence in chewing gum, soft drinks, pudding, yogurt-type products, baked goods and more makes it a leading threat to global health. Unlike aspartame, Neotame does not have to carry the PKU warning. Phenylketonuria is a genetic disorder that is characterized by the body's inability to metabolize phenylalanine, an essential amino acid.

FLYING BLIND

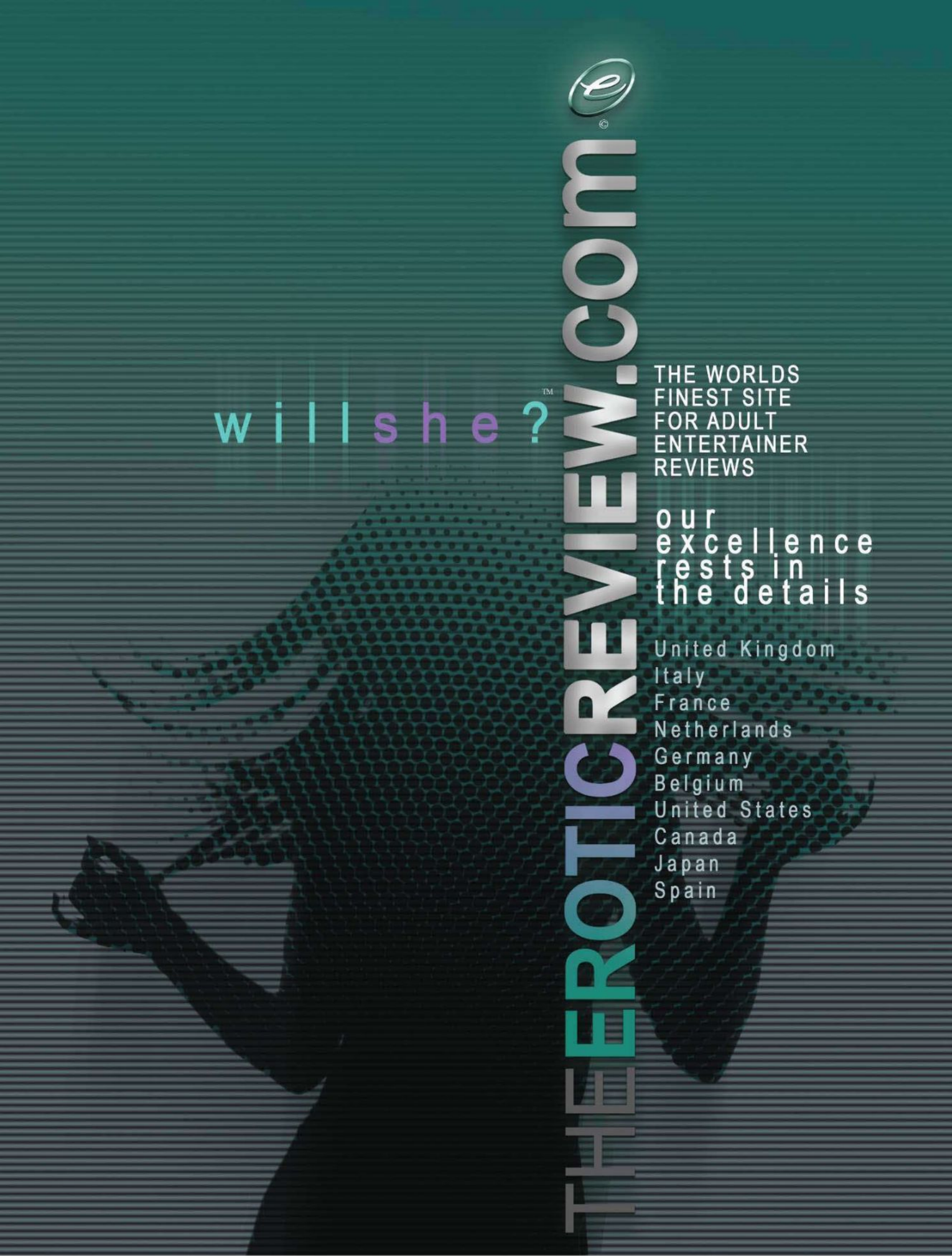
There is substantial controversy in the airline industry about artificial sweeteners in diet drinks and chewing gum (which is used by pilots to stabilize air pressure in their heads). According to a number of domestic and foreign airline industry magazines, seizures and other perceptual problems suffered by pilots while flying may be related to aspartame. The most dangerous mode for getting aspartame into your body may be chewing gum. **FoodEssentials.com** lists dozens of brands that contain it. "Taken in via the digestive tract, [aspartame] is made into at least six other toxic substances," says Mary Nash Stoddard of the Aspartame Consumer Safety Network and the Pilot Hotline.

The problem, Stoddard warns, is that "the nerves that serve this area get their vascular supply directly from the brain," meaning the aspartame bypasses the spinal cord and blood brain barrier. It therefore can go directly into the brain and begin damaging cells. Virtually all gums sold today contain aspartame or Neotame. Some have been traced to seizures by those who chew them, including airline pilots.

There is no formal study or ban.

OUTFOXED

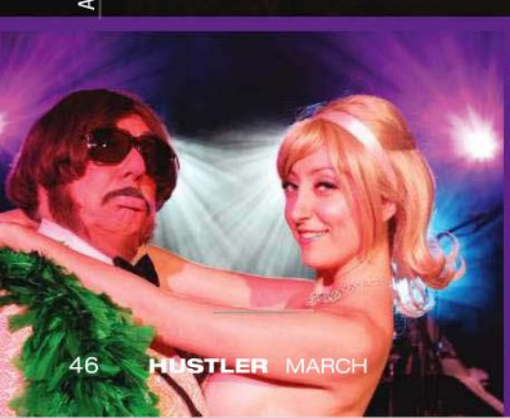
Actor Michael J. Fox, who was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease at age 30, has been a long-time spokesman for Diet Pepsi and apparently consumed (and may still consume) prodigious quantities of the soft drink. Betty Martini of Mission Possible World Health International (**MPWHI.com**) and other aspartame critics have questioned whether the chemical might have triggered his Parkinson's. (The degenerative disorder of the central nervous system can also be inherited genetically.)

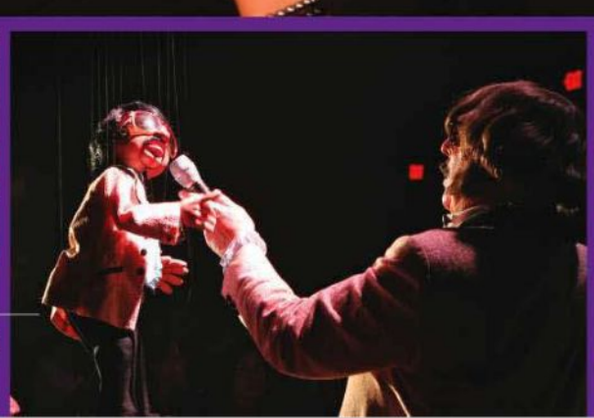

willshe?™
THEEROTICREVIEW.com©
THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS
our excellence rests in the details
United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain

BY KEITH VALCOURT

WHO THE FUCK IS

ALL PHOTOS BY WAYNE WILLIAMS, COURTESY OF TONY CLIFTON EXCEPT WHERE NOTED





TONY CLIFTON?!

COMIC ANDY KAUFMAN'S OBNOXIOUS ALTER EGO ROARS BACK TO LIFE FOR A SERIES OF FILTH-LADEN BENEFIT CONCERTS. BAD TASTE FOR A GOOD CAUSE? COUNT US IN!

Growing restless, the sell-out crowd has been waiting in the dark, musty Comedy Store (a run-down Los Angeles haunt), drinking overpriced, watered-down drinks for almost two hours. Impatience slowly turns into anger as the throng starts to chant for "International Singing Sensation" Tony Clifton.

The house lights finally dim, and there he is—a bloated lounge singer sporting oversized Foster Grants, a 1970s orange crushed velour tuxedo jacket and gigantic muttonchop sideburns that would make even Fat Elvis blush. Clifton casually lights a cigarette (in a nonsmoking room), then puffs away as if he were killing time alone in the club. He then flicks the burning cigarette into the audience, where it lands dangerously close to a group of well-dressed, less-than-thrilled women.

"Go!" barks Clifton as his top-notch 12-person band, dubbed the Katrina Kiss-My-Ass Orchestra, kicks into a cheesy medley of AM radio schlock cover songs, including Eddie Holman's "Hey There Lonely Girl" and Chicago's "Beginnings." The audience goes wild with an enthusiasm that borders on hysteria. They're here to worship, and Clifton is their god.

But who the fuck is Tony Clifton?! And why would hundreds of seemingly normal folks wait hours to see what appears to be a third-rate Vegas lounge singer? When asked, Clifton replies, "Because I'm Tony fucking Clifton!"

If the name doesn't ring a bell, Tony Clifton was an obnoxious alter ego created by comic provocateur and *Taxi* star Andy Kaufman. As Clifton, the mild-mannered Kaufman could be as rude and crude as he wanted. Kaufman/Clifton performed at concerts and appeared on several TV programs, including David Letterman's and Merv Griffin's shows.

Kaufman never admitted that Clifton was a put-on. Right up until his death on May 16, 1984—from kidney failure brought on by cancer—Andy Kaufman swore that he and Clifton were two different people.

So who is the brash loudmouth standing on the Comedy Club stage 25 years later? If you believe hard-core fans, many of whom have shown up, it's Andy Kaufman, who they feel faked his death a quarter-century ago. Or it could be Jim Carrey or Paul Giamatti; both actors portrayed Clifton in the big-screen Kaufman biopic *Man on the Moon*.

A more likely sce-

(continued on page 102)

HEAVENLY BODY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SAMANTHA SAINT

Samantha Saint's first year in porn has provided new experiences, tested her relationships and reminded the Colorado native that sometimes she'd rather be fishing.

"I got into the adult entertainment industry out of curiosity," **Samantha** recalls. "I had never stripped or done anything like that before, but I liked modeling. I'm definitely a ham. My friends say I've never met a mirror I didn't like."

Samantha, whose video résumé includes lesbo encounters, adds, "I'm an exhibitionist, and I also enjoy girls, so it's good work."

Of course, explaining that to loved ones can be dicey. "My family knows to a certain extent," **Samantha** reveals. "I told my mom that I shot for HUSTLER, but I haven't said much about the movies. She's supportive as long as I'm happy. Most of my close friends feel the same way. They don't understand, but they love me."

Old boyfriends are also popping up out of the woodwork: "Guys I used to date in high school call and send me text messages saying 'You look like **Samantha Saint**.' They never man up and just ask if it's me. Maybe they're checking to see if I'm mentally okay."

To keep herself grounded, **Samantha** cooks and snowboards, but she has another gratifying pastime that stirs up precious memories. “Fly-fishing is something my dad and I used to do together when I was growing up,” the breath of fresh air tells us. “He’s not with us anymore, but I still enjoy reeling one in. It gives me peace.”

SAMANTHA SAINT'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Denver, Colorado | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 140

BY JUSTIN HAMPTON

CUTTING-EDGE VAGINAL REJUVENATION

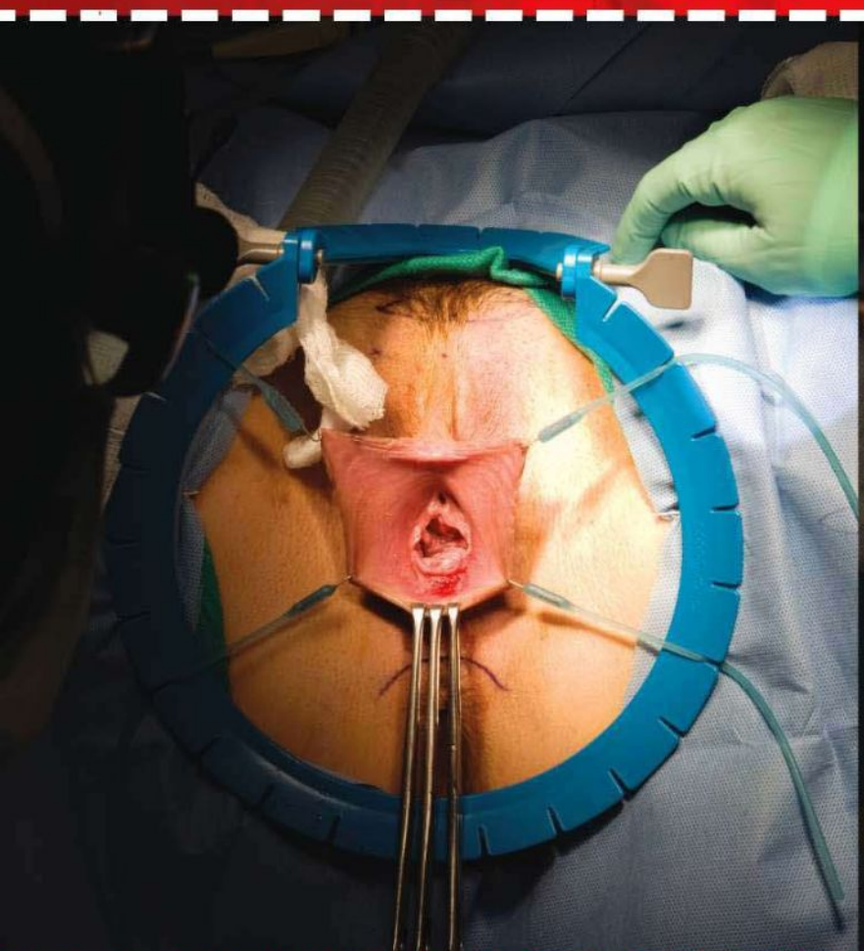
PUSSY LOOKING OLD AND TIRED? NO PROBLEM. DR. DAVID MATLOCK WILL FIX IT UP.

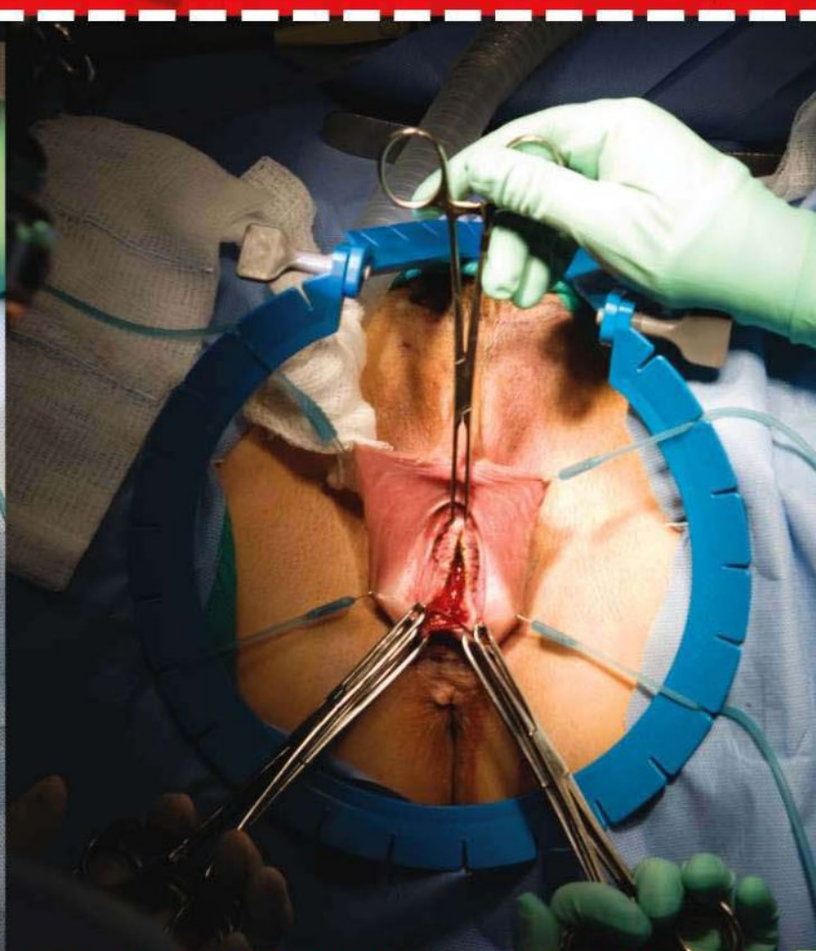
Their coffee hasn't kicked in just yet, so the nurses leisurely set the stage for the impending procedure. A vast array of medical clamps, syringes, gauze strips and malleables—long, flexible metal strips used to extend an opening or incision—is placed on a tray. Under normal conditions, Liz Jones (not the patient's real name) would want these implements kept as far away from her privates as possible. But as soon as Jones is put under, they'll be used to pin back both sides of her vaginal walls so she can undergo a functional and visual transformation of her genitalia.

The master of ceremonies is David Matlock, M.D., who exudes the easy confidence of an airline pilot greeting his passengers. Immortalized by the E! channel reality show *Dr. 90210*, the cosmetic surgeon has been excoriated by feminists and patronized by well-heeled clients the world over. With the blessings of his patient, Dr. Matlock has opened up his operating room, not only to a half-dozen cosmetic surgery students from Japan, Australia and the Middle East, but also to HUSTLER Magazine.

With his rapt audience seated around Jones's spread legs, Dr. Matlock begins. Lighting up a handheld laser, which will do most of the incisions during the next few hours, he announces, "Okay, so here's our patient. She's 48 years old with no kids, and she wants to look like she's 18."

Wearing a headlamp, Dr. Matlock tirelessly slices through illuminated layers of





moist tissue to get to the slackened muscles above and below the vaginal opening, ignoring the burning smell the laser leaves in its wake. In the meantime he instructs his observing students on the fine points of visual symmetry and techniques like the "lip tuck."

By the time he's trimmed the patient's labia minora (the loose-fitting portions of tissue that flank the vaginal opening) and sutured up the perineum (the stretch of skin between the vagina and anus), Jones's slit has been amazingly transformed. Once surrounded by two copious, fleshy flaps, it now resembles the constricted shape of a teardrop.

For the past 15 years, Dr. Matlock has earned his position of respect by mastering the canon of procedures that constitute female genital cosmetic surgery (FGCS). These include labiaplasty, the fastest-growing elective-surgery procedure among women in the United Kingdom. (Speaking on national TV, Internet gossip hound Perez Hilton once accused talk show host Chelsea Handler of getting one.) But a woman can also choose a vaginoplasty like Liz Jones's, as well as a hymenoplasty (resuturing the hymen, a virgin's "cherry") or clitoropexy (reduction of the clitoral hood). Last but not least is the G-Shot, a Matlock proprietary invention whereby a collagen-based substance is injected just above the fabled G spot to enhance sexual arousal.

Mind you, none of this comes cheap. Labiaplasties in Matlock's office range from $7,800 to $8,800; vaginoplasties, $8,800 to $9,900; and G-Shots, which last for only about six months, cost $1,850 apiece. But these revolutionary procedures have paved the way for the cottage industry of cosmetogynecology around the world. Whether members of the New York City "pelvic fitness" spa Phit, which seeks to make Kegels as common an exercise as push-ups, or "vajazzlers" blinging out their pubic mounds with pricy Swarovski crystals [*see page 23*], women simply don't need to settle for the genitalia nature gave them.

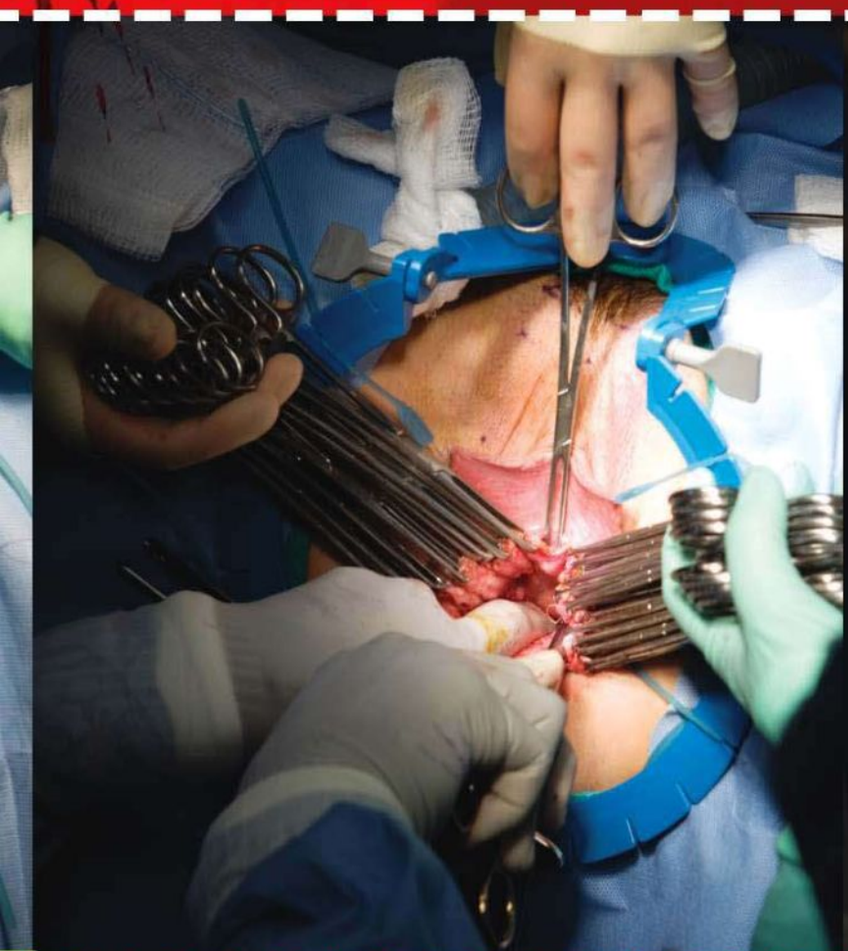
But just because they can, does it mean they should? Dr. Matlock says he is merely providing services demanded by his clientele, which he's fond of saying hail from all 50 states and 63 countries.

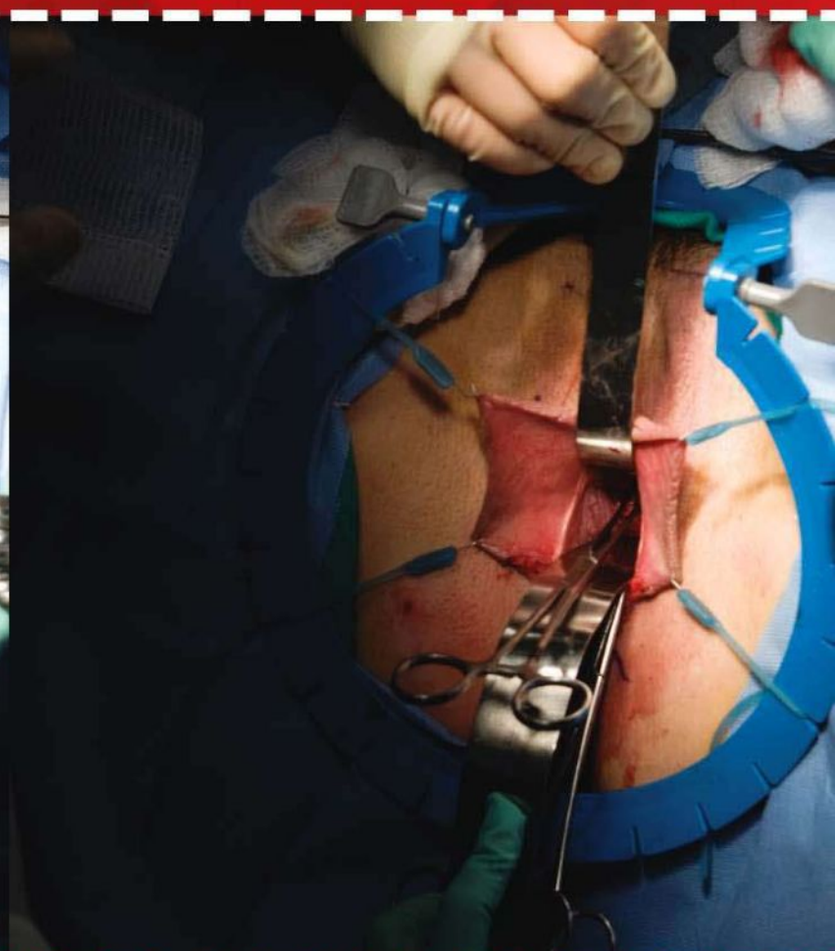
Questioning their ability to tighten the vaginal cavity, Dr. Matlock disparages Kegels. "Over the next year and a half," he tells me, "contract your biceps. Do it 18 times; hold it 30 seconds. Do it daily. You're not gonna be any different in 18 months than you are now." He'll also invoke a recent study published in the *Journal of Sexual Medicine* (cowritten by Dr. Matlock and surgeons at nine other cosmetic surgery clinics) that reported a 91% satisfaction rate among FGCS clients. After all, he reasons, men have Viagra, Cialis and Levitra, so it's past due for women to get a little love from medical advances.

"Bottom line: I know what women want," Dr. Matlock insists. "For every single one of these procedures, I listen to women."

Even his staunchest detractors stop short of insisting FGCS be banned outright. The procedures are adapted from common surgical solutions for very real physical problems some women face, such as unusually elongated labia or incontinence. Nevertheless, these critics accuse modern female genital plastic surgeons of marketing unnecessary, costly and potentially dangerous procedures to women, fostering insecurity and spreading misinformation about their bodies.

PHOTOS BY BETTINA CHAVEZ





Perhaps the most damning indictment comes from the American Congress of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, Dr. Matlock's professional peers, whose official manual includes the category "Female Genital Cutting." The organization opposes "all forms of medically unnecessary surgical modification of the female genitalia." (Such uneasy comparisons to female circumcision may account for the "political correctness" Dr. Matlock cites when explaining why he refuses to perform clitoral-hood reductions.)

The ACOG also points out the potential for scar tissue, infection and loss of sensitivity as a result of these procedures, since healing outcomes can be highly variable from woman to woman. And since no independent studies have addressed FGCS's long-term effects, it's hard to assess the validity of its proponents' claims. Of course, one can always fall victim to a botched job, which could mean a return to the operating table.

"The problem is that a lot of plastic surgeons [are] marketing [this] as a beautification procedure," states Dr. Madeleine Castellanos, a New York City sex therapist. "People who might be psychologically uncomfortable with their genitals are exposing themselves to risks of surgery and treatments that may not resolve their own discomfort with their own bodies."

The same can be said for most other plastic surgery patients as well, but it takes a special sort of discontent to undergo an FGCS procedure. In 2009, according to the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery, its member surgeons rejuvenated 2,531 vaginas from their presumed torpor—down from 4,506 in 2007. Such procedures consistently bring up the rear in Americans' requested surgeries, ranking 37th out of 39 both in 2007 and 2009.

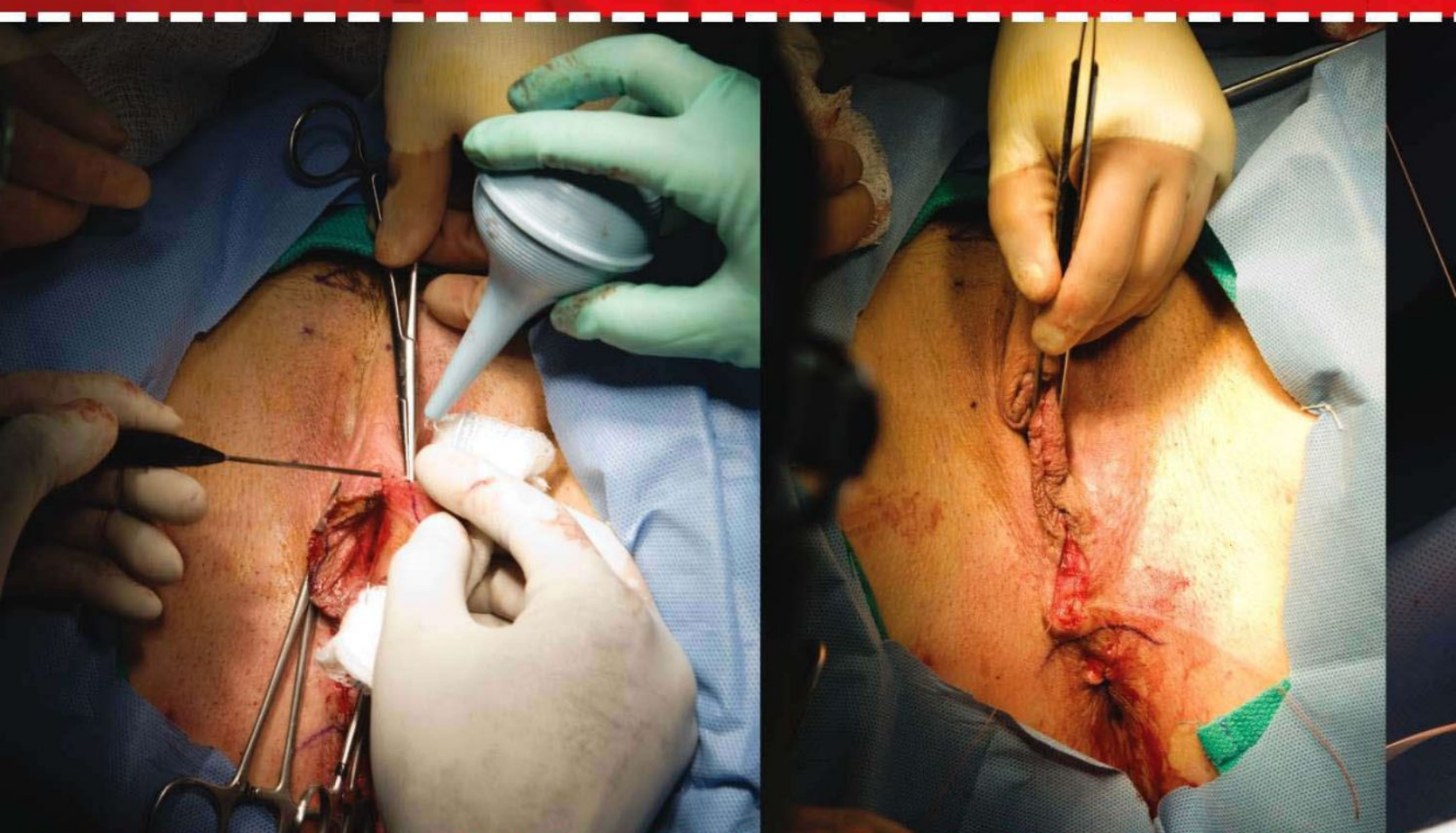
> "People who might be psychologically uncomfortable with their genitals are exposing themselves to risks of surgery and treatments that may not resolve their own discomfort with their own bodies."

The precipitous domestic drop over the past few years can be attributed to the economic downturn in large part, but clearly, powerful stigmas surround FGCS. Liz Jones stalled for two years before pulling the trigger.

"When I was in my 30s," she told me a few days before undergoing surgery, "I had a boyfriend who kind of made a comment that your [vaginal] lips are the largest lips I've ever seen! And I made a joke out of it. But if you're enjoying a healthy sex life, that actually can be exacerbated [over time]. And I just was becoming unhappy with the way that it looked. After the last boyfriend that made a comment, I said I need to do something, because now I'm not feeling as attractive as I had before."

Critics often cite the sex industry as the culprit, and Dr. Matlock readily acknowledges that his clientele includes a fair share of strippers, adult-film performers and prostitutes. He feels they're making a professional investment. In 1999 porn star Houston scored some mainstream press when she announced an auction of her excised labia on *The Howard Stern Show*.

But according to David Pounder, issues surrounding "ugly" vaginas have never



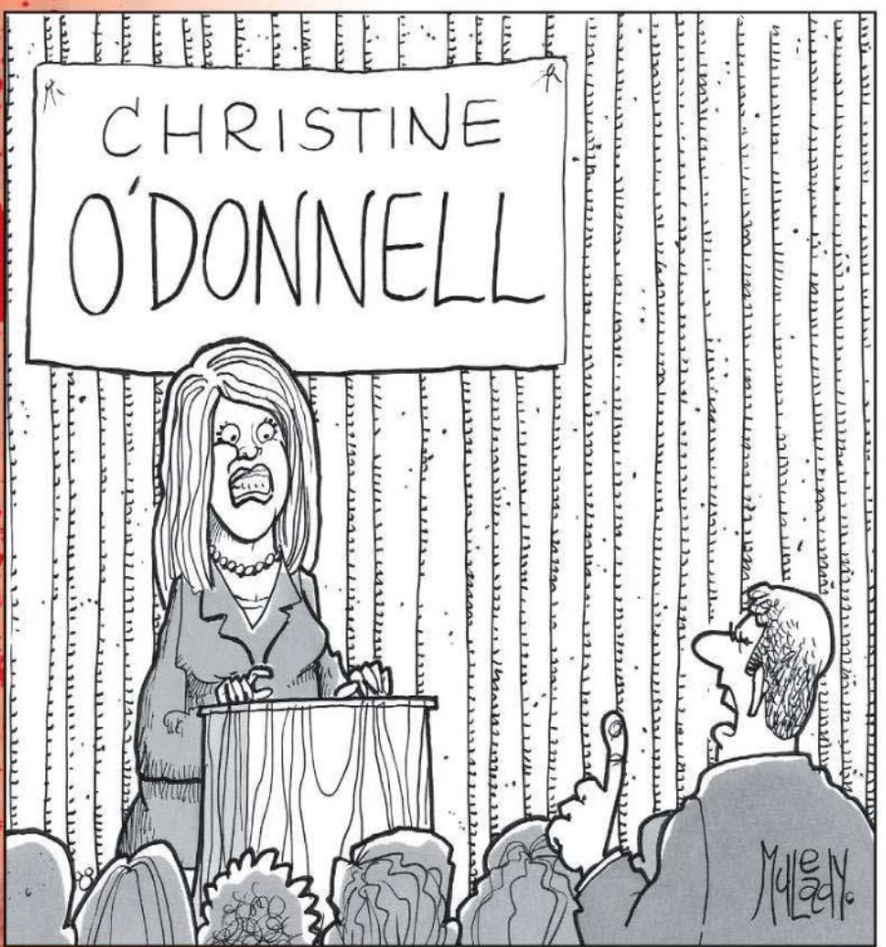
arisen in any of the thousands of films he's directed or starred in: "It's very common for girls to come in with normal boobs, their agents will work them through all the producers and choose an actual boob size, and they'll shoot for all the big-boob producers. But there's no such thing as a pretty-vagina or an ugly-vagina fetish, at least not in the porn world."

Yes, FGCS is an extreme measure, but women worldwide are eager to press the outer limits of synthetic self-improvement. And who can tell them differently? If Heidi Montag can't be talked out of getting ten cosmetic surgeries in one sitting, then it stands to reason that Dr. David Matlock and his counterparts can continue to renovate the genitalia of women who feel they need it. As Dr. Castellanos begrudgingly acknowledges, "Psychology trumps biology."

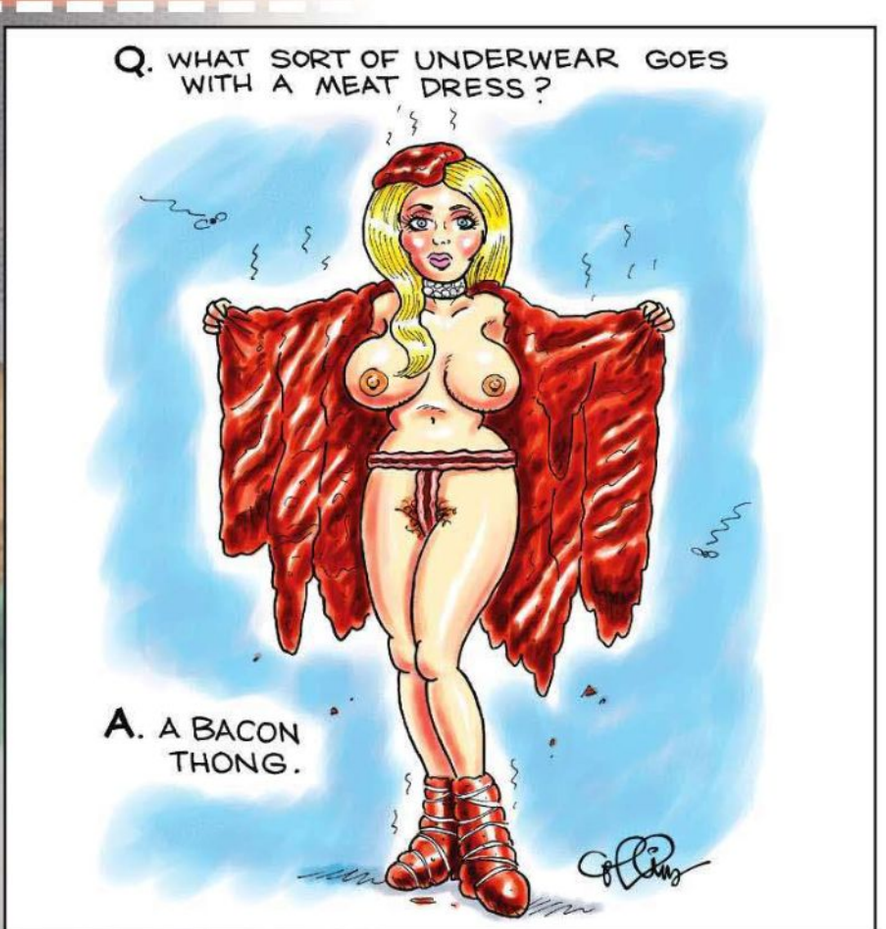
For more information about David Matlock, M.D., and the Laser Vaginal Rejuvenation Institute of Los Angeles, visit DrMatlock.com.

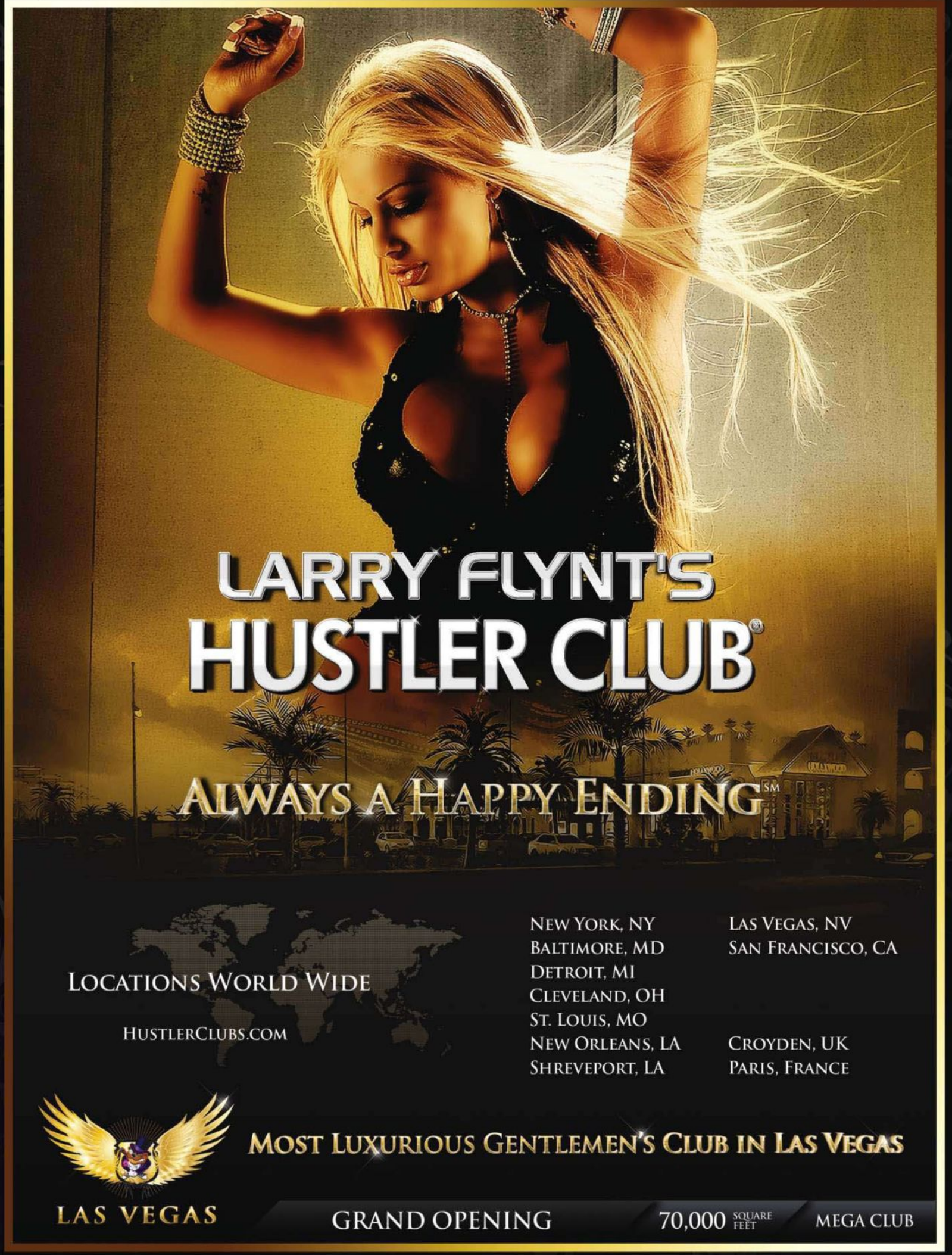
Los Angeles-based Justin Hampton is a veteran freelance writer who has covered sex, music and vice for *Spin*, *Penthouse Forum*, *High Times* and "other fine and not-so-fine publications."

DISCLAIMER: The ideas and practices described in this article are for informational and entertainment purposes only, concern invasive and potentially dangerous medical procedures, and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.



"It occurred to me, Ms. O'Donnell, that if your daddy had masturbated one more time, we wouldn't have to sit here listening to your bullshit!"




LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
ALWAYS A HAPPY ENDING℠
LOCATIONS WORLD WIDE
HUSTLERCLUBS.COM
NEW YORK, NY
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI
CLEVELAND, OH
ST. LOUIS, MO
NEW ORLEANS, LA
SHREVEPORT, LA
LAS VEGAS, NV
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
CROYDEN, UK
PARIS, FRANCE
MOST LUXURIOUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB IN LAS VEGAS
LAS VEGAS
GRAND OPENING
70,000 SQUARE FEET
MEGA CLUB

Watch 2 Hot Girls Show You How To Give A Woman 3, 4, 5... Even *10* Toe-Curling Orgasms Every Single Time You Make Love... Guaranteed!

In the **2 Girls Teach Sex DVD series** beautiful bi-sexual women show you – by demonstrating on each other – how to give your girl the most incredible, heart-pounding sexual experiences of her life... regardless of your size, stamina, or experience...

DVD #1: Multiple Orgasm Methods

Discover these amazing secrets to making your woman *scream* with pleasure:

- A special trick to use in missionary position that makes her feel you're *at least 2 full inches longer and thicker inside of her*
- A secret "hidden spot" inside of a woman that – when stimulated like this (see demonstration in DVD) – makes any woman cum in *under a minute* (Forget the "g-spot"... when you want to be absolutely CERTAIN you give her a *mind blowing orgasm*, this is the method to use)
- The 3 "Orgasmic Triggers" – Touch these spots *before sex* to get her *begging to have you inside of her*, then DURING to give her *quivering multiple orgasms*
- How to keep sex EXCITING long after the initial "thrill" has past (Do just these 3 little things and SHE'LL start initiating sex with you... even if you've always been the one to have to get things started before)
- A secret technique lesbians use to give a woman *multiple orgasms* that works even better when done by a man

DVD #2: Forbidden Sex Secrets

Discover the mental and emotional tricks that **make your woman sexually addicted to you.** You'll learn:

- A deadly mistake 77% of men make in bed that causes their woman to imagine themselves with SOMEONE ELSE - even if the guy does everything else right
- The specific *order* of positions you should use to give her MULTIPLE orgasms (Even if you do everything else wrong, she is guaranteed to have at least one orgasm when you use this trick)
- The rejection-free way to introduce kinky stuff like anal play, spanking, and toys

DVD #3: Advanced Sex Positions For Guaranteed Orgasms

See demonstrations of the wild new sex positions – unknown to 99% of men – that make you *penetrate her deeper* and hit all of the right spots. You'll learn:

- A special trick to spice up "missionary" that TRIPLES the intensity (Warning: She'll be clawing at your back and *begging you for more* when you use this one)
- 5 positions that force you to hit her "hot spots" at the angle that is proven to make her orgasm
- The "secret" position male adult film stars use in their private lives when they want to be sure to blow a woman's mind

:WARNING: These DVDs contain explicit demonstrations of real sex. If this offends you do not order. MUST BE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.

For A Limited Time – Get A Free Bonus DVD: Secrets Of Squirting Orgasms

The power to give a woman an ultra-intense SQUIRTING ORGASM can now be yours! In this sizzling hot video, you'll see sexy women demonstrate (on each other) *exactly* how to do it. Discover **the exact spots you must touch on a woman's body to get her to squirt**... the order to go in... and the types of ways to touch these spots that *make her squirm and squirt with pleasure* (All women have the ability to have squirting orgasms... now you'll be the one to give it to her!)

***Quantity limited to first 500 callers – use Bonus Code HL20**

What Guys Are Saying About 2 Girls Teach Sex...

"I got your dvds and tried out the 1-finger orgasm technique and a few others, well let's just say Ive never seen my girl scream like that before, not ever! Now we are having sex a LOT more and I love the way it's now her who's the one always hounding me for sex!" -
C.W., San Antonio, TX

"I made her orgasm 6 times in one night! Man, I was more shocked than she was. I had no idea this was possible..." -
J.U., Charlotte, NC

---------- Try The 2 Girls Teach Sex DVD Package RISK-FREE For 30 Days----------

CALL 800-218-3641
Use Bonus Code: HL20

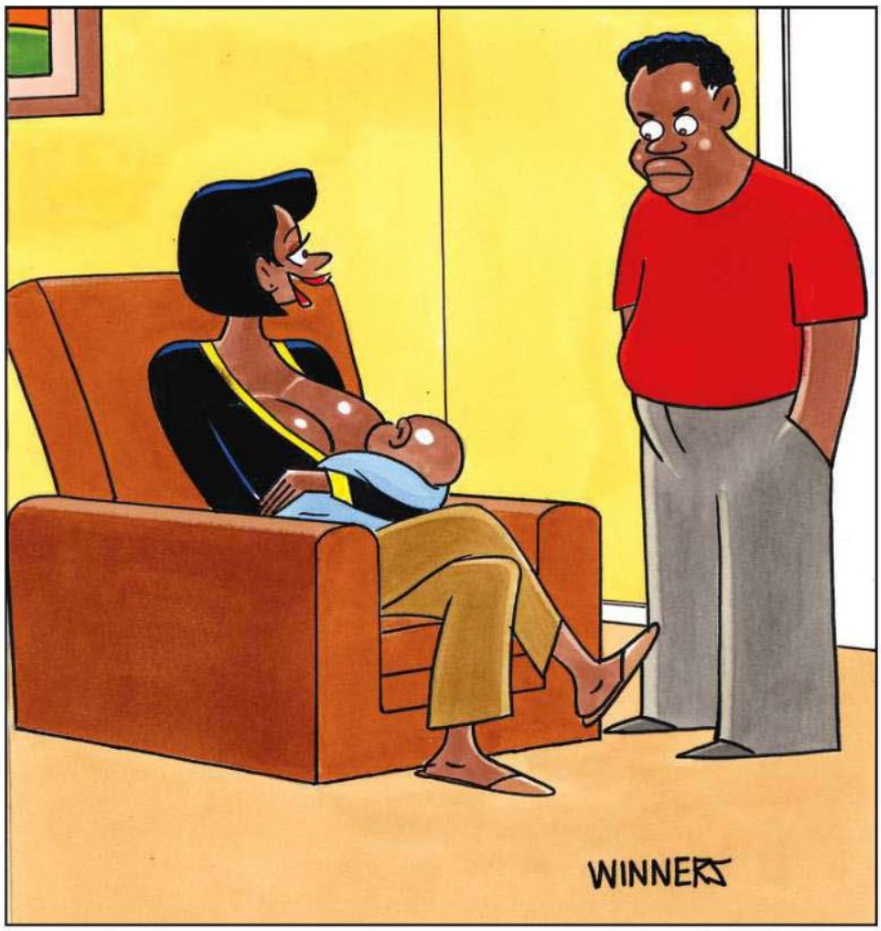
{__} Yes! I'm ready to take my sex life to the next level!
Please rush me the 2 Girls Teach Sex 3 DVD package, along with my **FREE Bonus DVD.** I understand that they will be shipped in plain, unwrapped packaging and even my mailman won't know what's inside. I understand that if I'm not completely satisfied I can simply return the 2 Girls Teach Sex DVDs within 30 days for a full refund, no questions asked, and that I can keep the Bonus Secrets Of Squirting Orgasms DVDs as my gift.

Send coupon with payment to:
ISN Education, LLC, 8391 Beverly Blvd. Suite 271
Los Angeles, CA 90048

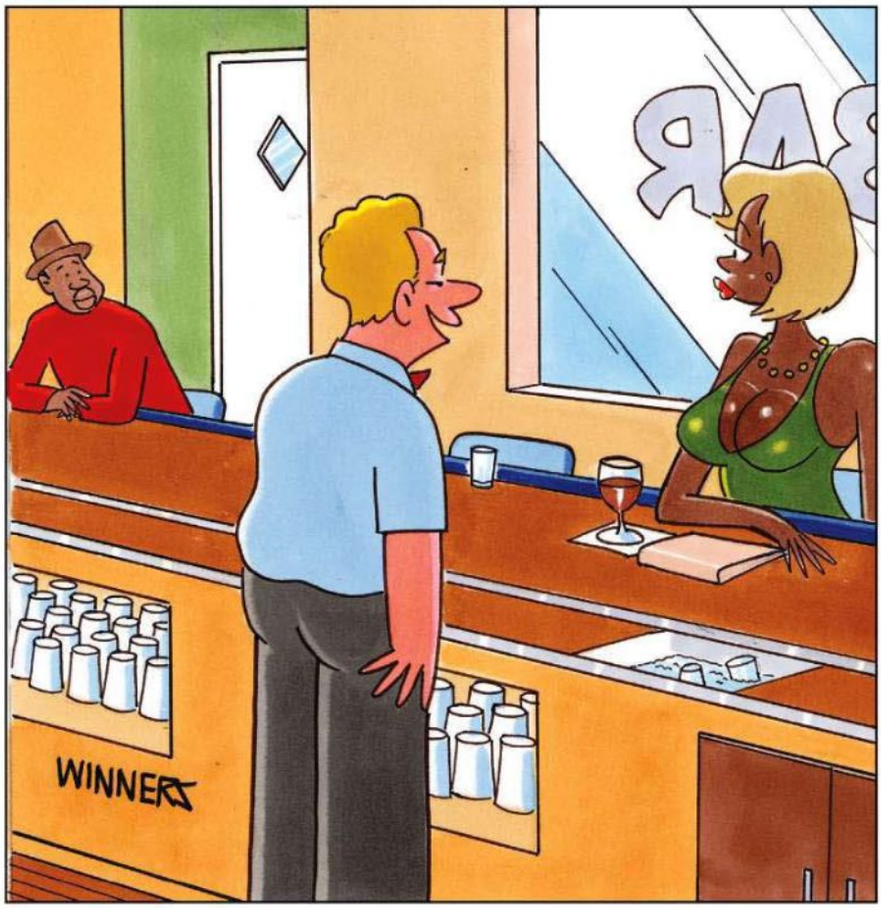
DVD #1: Multiple Orgasm Methods	~~$ 29.95~~
DVD #2: Forbidden Sex Secrets	~~$ 29.95~~
DVD #3: Advanced Sex Positions	~~$ 29.95~~
Bonus DVD: Secrets Of Squirting Orgasms	Free to first 500 callers
SPECIAL – 3 DVD Set + Bonus DVD:	**$ 29.95**
California Residents ADD 8.25% Sales Tax	$ 2.47
Shipping/Handling/Insurance	$ 5.95
Total Enclosed/Charged	$ ____

Card No_____ Exp. Date_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone (____)_____ Signature_____

HUST-HL20-10.07.10 © ISN Education, LLC



"Don't get angry, honey. Pretty soon the baby will be weaned, and you'll have them all to yourself."



"The guy down the bar says he would like for you to buy him a drink."

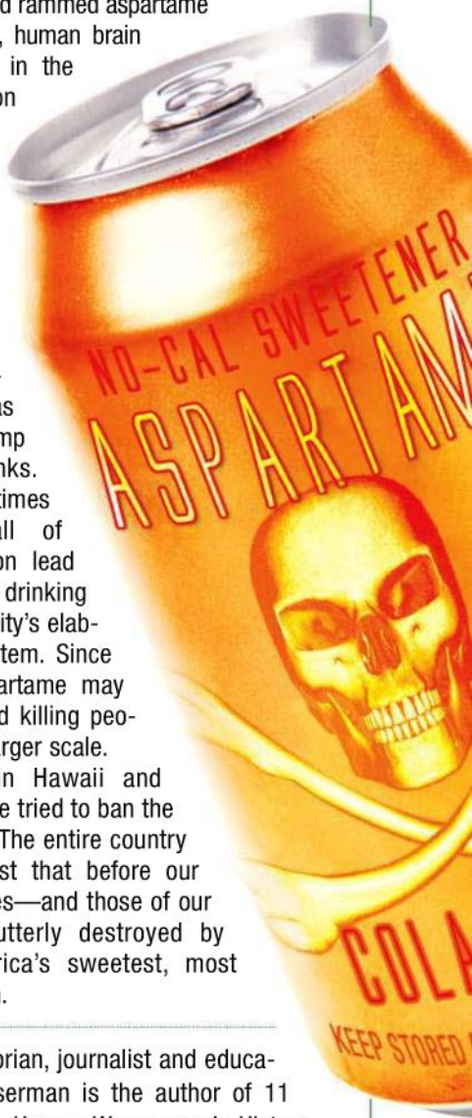
(continued from page 44)

dreds of cases involving devastating ailments that are "cured" when patients stop using the product. Ironically, and almost without exception, when a person stops ingesting diet drinks, he or she loses weight.

Also, a major study released in October 2010 by the Ramazzini Institute states that aspartame "should be considered a multiple-site, trans-species carcinogenic agent" whose use should be reevaluated. As mentioned earlier, the Delaney Clause bans additives shown to cause cancer in animals.

Finally, linking aspartame to Gulf War Syndrome remains a nagging but instructive mystery. Bad vaccinations, desert fleas, chemical warfare, depleted uranium, traumatic stress have all been blamed. These and other factors could have joined degenerated diet sodas in causing the wide range of symptoms that have debilitated a quarter-million veterans who served their country back in 1991.

Since Rumsfeld rammed aspartame through the FDA, human brain tumor incidence in the overall population has soared. So has a terrifying plague of devastating diseases that doctors like Roberts and Russell Blaylock say consistently disappear as soon as the victims dump their diet drinks. Historians sometimes blame the fall of ancient Rome on lead that leached into drinking water from the city's elaborate piping system. Since the 1970s, aspartame may be sickening and killing people on a much larger scale.



Legislators in Hawaii and New Mexico have tried to ban the stuff altogether. The entire country needs to do just that before our minds and bodies—and those of our children—are utterly destroyed by corporate America's sweetest, most profitable poison.

Ohio-based historian, journalist and educator Harvey Wasserman is the author of 11 books, including *Harvey Wasserman's History of the United States*; *America Born & Reborn*; *Solartopia! Our Green-Powered Earth, A.D. 2030*; and (as "Thomas Paine") *Passions of the Potsmoking Patriots*. For more info, check out **HarveyWasserman.com**.

LEZ BE FRIENDS

BREE DANIELS & BLAKE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARLMILLER.COM

Blond darling **Bree Daniels** can't help but smile when talking about **Blake**, her 19-year-old bi-curious conquest. "We met at a dyke bar in Los Angeles," **Bree** begins. "She looked absolutely miserable and out of place. It was kind of funny."

"No, it wasn't," **Blake** chimes in. "I was surrounded by all these short, pudgy women in khaki pants and buzz cuts. I didn't know if they wanted to sleep with me or tell me about some 8.0 earthquake in Mongolia. I'm not kidding—they all looked like that Caltech lady."

Bree rescued **Blake** with an invitation to kick back at her studio apartment. "She was so nervous and eager to please," **Bree** fondly remembers. "She even bought me a rose."

Alone in **Bree**'s bedroom, the new friends touched and kissed each other softly. **Blake** caught her breath as she suddenly felt her hair pulled back. "I wanted her to know it wasn't going to be like the movies," **Bree** explains. "No waterfalls, no sunsets, no birds chirping Enya songs. Just two women exploring and coming and coming and coming."

I got coco if you got nuts
creamy chocolate candy...
1-800 BLACK ASS
Stuff my buns with COCK!
ADULTS 18+ ONLY
ALWAYS LIVE 1-ON-1
No credit cards needed to her chocolate candy ass
1-900-289-9999
Most major credit cards accepted, $2.98 per/min. plus a small $2.98 connection fee.

LET'S GET FREAKY!
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
LIVE TEXT CHAT 1-469-274-0654
ALL REAL!
MEET LOCAL GIRLS 1-800-888-DATE (1-800-888-3283)
1-800 WET CUNT
(1-800-938-2868)
PROMO CODE 1100

1-800 WET CLIT
ALL NEW
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
(1-800-938-2548)
EXOTIC WOMEN WANT TO FUCK
LIVE TEXT CHAT 1-469-274-0654
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
PROMO CODE 1100

1-800 PROMO CODE 1100 FOR FREE MINUTES!
(1-800-938-7877)
WET-PUSSY
I'M WET AND READY!
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
TEXT ME 1-469-274-0654
MEET LOCAL GIRLS 1-800-888 DATE (1-800-888-3283)

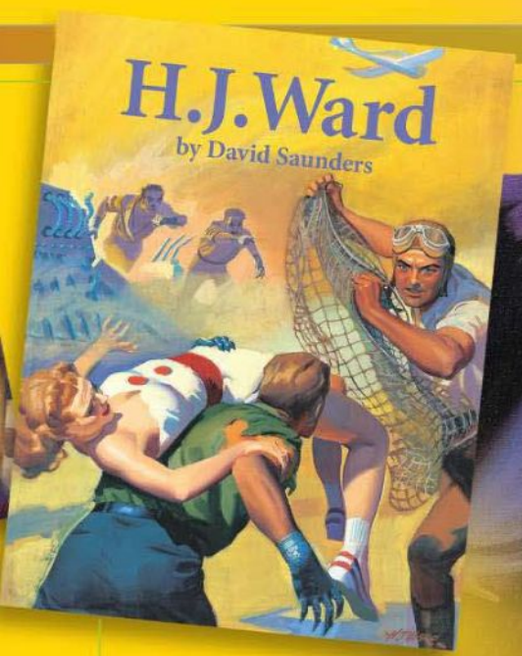
Promo Code 1100 For FREE MINUTES!
(1-800-938-3825)
1-800-WET-FUCK
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
I'LL GIVE YOU LOVE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!
GET SOME...
1-800-288 DATE
(1-800-288-3283)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
Live Text Chat: 1-469-274-0654

1-800 PROMO CODE 1100
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
WET TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
ALL LIVE!
SQUEEZE AND SUCK MY BIG, LUSCIOUS BREASTS!
MEET LOCAL HOTTIES 1-800-999-MEET (1-800-999-6338)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
LIVE TEXT CHAT 1-469-274-0654

BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

PULP MAYHEM

A LOOK AT THE PROVOCATIVE ART OF H.J. WARD



ORIGINAL COVER PAINTING FOR *SPICY DETECTIVE STORIES*, FEBRUARY 1939. OIL ON CANVAS.

Who would have thought that pulp magazine covers from the 1930s and 1940s would be considered too controversial for today's porn-choked newsstands? Emblazoned with lurid paintings of thugs and maniacs on the verge of brutalizing scantily clad hotties via blowtorch, monkey wrench or ham-like fists, they made prospective buyers stop dead in their tracks. Yet due to the rise of adult men's magazines and the never-ending plague of political correctness—i.e., calling the art sexist and/or suggesting it promotes violence against women—you no longer find such attention-grabbing covers on retailers' racks.

You will, however, find many examples of such controversial artistry in the glossy coffee table book *H.J. Ward* (The Illustrated Press, 2010). Paying long overdue tribute to a true pioneer, author David Saunders has rounded up 500 drawings and paintings by the dynamic illustrator.

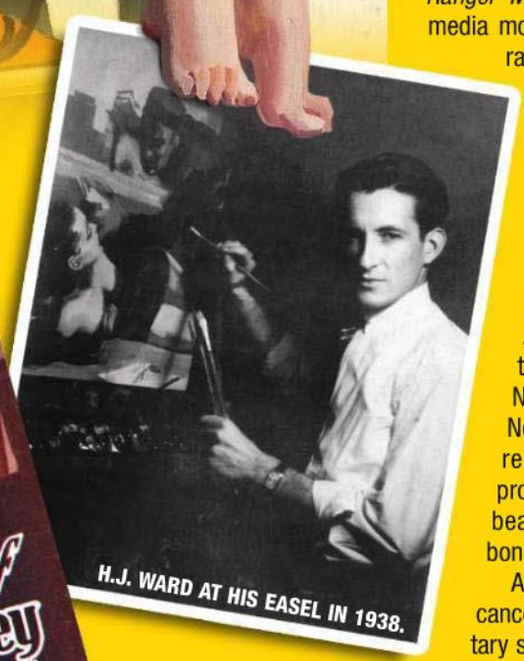
Original cover painting for *Spicy Mystery*, August 1940. Oil on canvas.

Born in 1909, Hugh Joseph Ward was raised in a South Philadelphia Irish working-class neighborhood. In 1934, shortly after dropping out of art college, he started working for infamous publisher Harry Donenfeld. Ward would spend the rest of his life constantly pumping out sensational magazine covers that displayed a unique blend of eroticism and brutality.

At an average pace of two covers per month, Ward delivered oil-on-canvas paintings for such popular (and scurrilous) Donenfeld pulps as *Spicy Detective*, *Romantic Detective*, *Private Detective*, *Romantic Western*, *Spicy Adventures*, *Spicy Mystery* and *Spicy Western*. Inside you'd find escapist short stories: hard-boiled mysteries, Flash Gordonesque sci-fi, lust-in-the-dust westerns. And the covers? More often than not, they'd depict lovely, half-naked young women in peril.

Aside from Ward's characteristic vivid colors and engaging action, the absence of a hero was another of his more noteworthy artistic traits. As one example, the cover of October 1939's *Spicy Mystery Stories* features a bosomy pre-Marilyn Monroe sexpot being manhandled by a well-dressed weirdo somewhere in a dank, dimly lit basement. But in the background, rather than a handsome, broad-shouldered Romeo ready to save his Pauline, a cackling, rubber-faced, wart-chinned witch creepily relishes the abuse being heaped upon the delectable covergirl.

Saunders's comprehensive book also includes highly informative text about H.J. Ward, as well as tons of rare drawings and family photos. For the record, during the latter part of his career, Ward also created seminal paintings of such American icons as the Lone Ranger (through Donenfeld's *Lone Ranger Magazine*, which cross-promoted media mogul George W. Trendle's original radio program); the Green Hornet (more Ward promo work for Trendle's second-most-well-received radio show); and Superman (glorious paintings that advertised Donenfeld's own radio drama, *Superman*, and his vastly popular *Superman* comic books and *Action Comics*, published through the entrepreneur's National Allied Publications). Nonetheless, Ward is still best remembered for his intensely provocative illustrations featuring beauties in, basically, full-on bondage.



H.J. WARD AT HIS EASEL IN 1938.

A heavy smoker, Ward died of lung cancer in 1945 at age 35 during military service in World War II. And while ultraviolence and the inevitability of death were dominant themes in his paintings, the artist still obsessively highlighted the enigmatic nature of the fairer sex. In his book, Saunders poignantly notes this recurring Ward theme: "Death's solemn eternity always holds the upper hand, but life's sensual beauty is all the more fascinating because of its fragile and fleeting nature."

To purchase the retrospective *H.J. Ward* by David Saunders, go to **TheIllustratedPress.com**.

BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

ALEXIS GOLDEN

AGE: 41

LOCATION: Miami

FIND HER AT: AlexisGolden.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Boasting a scrumptious 36DD-25-36 figure, Alexis Golden is proud of the fact that she's an all-out maneater. Indeed, the South Florida housewife may be the mother of two children, but such domesticity hardly deters this voracious cougar from fully playing the field as a swinger and sex star. "I *always* have prey on my mind," Alexis admits. "Most older women like myself are confident, know what they want and aren't afraid to go out and get it."

That said, Alexis especially savors younger guys with plenty of stamina. "When I was traveling by myself back to New York recently, I met a 23-year-old guy on a swinger site," she recalls. "I asked him, 'Would you like to get together for drinks?' He flat out said, 'No, I'd just rather come up to your hotel room and get right to it.' And that's what happened. It was hot, steamy and *very* passionate."

Taking such a true-life tale into account, it's hard to fathom that this ravenous creature was once the CEO of an international consulting firm. "Well, corporate America is a pretty boring place," the native New Yorker reckons. "I got tired of all the stress and bullshit. I wanted to do what I really enjoy—like traveling and having plenty of sex."

PHOTO COURTESY OF JOEL JETT/ LOW ART FILMS

COUGARS UNLEASHED #24

So Alexis and her husband began shooting video footage with their swinging partners and uploaded much of the carnal content onto **AlexisGolden.com**. It's definitely worth a look-see.

Although Alexis has left the corporate rat race behind, some kinky visions linger: "I have an *intense* fantasy involving a boardroom meeting. At one point I get up onto the conference table and let each person have their way with me. It's *like* a gang-bang, but it's really more of an orgy, since I imagine some other women being present too!"

Now *that's* the kind of office meeting we feel would totally increase staff productivity!

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTO COURTESY OF POETSEYE.COM

BUILT TO LAST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

CLAIRE SANDERS

Blessed with exotic good looks—her mother is from Guam, her father is Italian—**Claire Sanders** has been very busy for the past six years. Besides landing work in mainstream magazines, commercials and Playboy TV, she's built a loyal and ever-growing online fan base.

All in all, not bad for a girl who nearly bit the big one at age 14. The victim of a horrifying automobile collision, **Claire** suffered internal injuries and spinal damage that could have led to a pine box. Thankfully, her blossoming jugs and pretty face weren't harmed. (Does that make us sound shallow?) Having come so close to death, **Claire** learned to appreciate her God-given gifts of T&A at an early age, a valuable lesson most girls don't pick up until they need jewelry and free drinks.

Today **Claire** figuratively breaks her back as a successful model while keeping fit by working out diligently and maintaining a strict diet. The only wrecks happening in her life appear to be of a romantic nature.

Take this **Claire** tweet: "My ex-boyfriend hacked into my Facebook and MySpace accounts and changed the passwords and e-mails! I'm so pissed! My ex is a sick fuck! His day will come!"

Looks like it already has, **Claire**. We bet the sap will cry himself to sleep after he sees your eye-opening HUSTLER spread.

CLAIRE SANDERS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Salinas, California | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-1 | WEIGHT: 105

Happy
Valentine's Day
XOXO
Claire

Happy
Valentine's Day
XOXO
Claire

HUSTLER®
HONEY
MARCH 2011
CALL 1-888-HUSTLER
(1-888-487-8537)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

BY FRED ROSEN

MECHELE HUGHES

Mechele Linehan with attorney Kevin Fitzgerald, at left, and husband Colin, center, in an Anchorage, Alaska, state courtroom on March 28, 2008, during her murder trial.

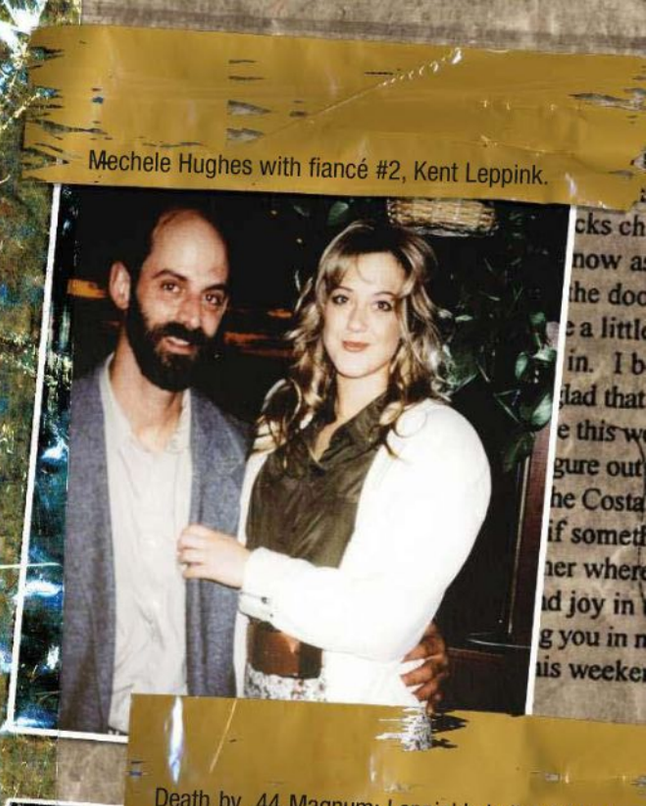
DEADLY

Three admirers fell for an eye-catching stripper in Alaska—with lethal consequences.

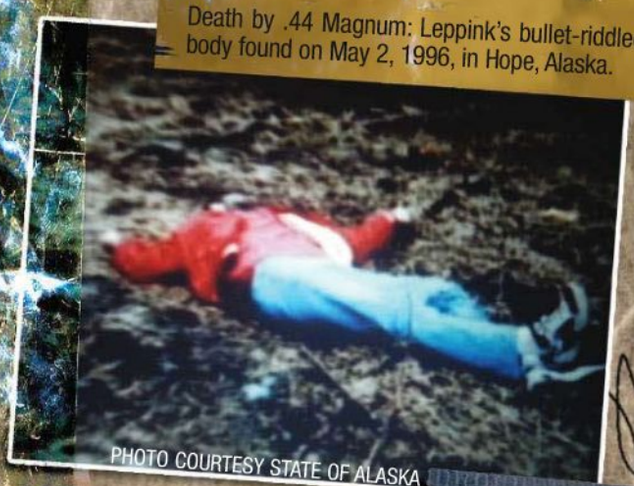
In February 2010 the Alaska Court of Appeals overturned the murder conviction of Mechele Hughes Linehan. At the time, Linehan—who, according to the evidence brought against her at trial, had been engaged to three men at the same time—was imprisoned at Hiland Mountain Correctional Center.

LINEHAN ANGEL?

Colin Linehan hugs wife Mechele in court on October 22, 2007.



Mechele Hughes with fiancé #2, Kent Leppink.



Death by .44 Magnum: Leppink's bullet-riddled body found on May 2, 1996, in Hope, Alaska.

PHOTO COURTESY STATE OF ALASKA

Back in 2008 she'd been sentenced for conspiring with fiancé number three, John Carlin III, to kill fiancé number two, Kent Leppink, while she was off partying with fiancé number one, Scott Hilke.

Now 38, the doctor's wife, mother and all-around June Cleaver type—except for her astonishing physical resemblance to actress Linda Fiorentino and not Barbara Billingsley—is out on bail awaiting a retrial.

"I was pleased that we were able to do what we set out to accomplish, and that was to wind the clock back and give Mechele another, and hopefully fairer, trial," said Anchorage attorney Jeff Feldman. A self-described member of the "frozen chosen," he brilliantly torpedoed not only the prosecution's theory of the case but also its key pieces of evidence.

"Don't dwell on my death," Leppink wrote in a letter from beyond the grave that helped sway jurors. "It was my time and there is nothing that can change that. There are a few things I would like you to do for me. Though I hate to be vindictive in my death, paybacks are hell."

Leppink, a Michigan native, mailed the letter to his parents in late April 1996 with instructions not to open it unless he was dead. Leppink's bullet-riddled body turned up less than a week later on May 2 in Hope, Alaska, 90 miles outside Anchorage. On the front seat of

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY ASSOCIATED PRESS EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

his car was a note in which Hughes and Carlin talked about how she was trying to hide from Leppink at a cabin in Hope.

Learning of his son's death, Ken Leppink opened the letter, which included the following passage: "Make sure Mechele goes to jail for a long time, but visit her there. Tell her how much I really did (do) love her. Tell her you love her and help her. She has a split personality and the part I fell in love with is very beautiful. I really did want to marry her and make her dreams comes true."

Mechele Kaye Hughes was born in 1972 in Louisiana. In the early 1990s she moved to New Jersey, where she worked as a teenage stripper. While learning her trade, she had a four-year relationship with Pat Giganti. In the book I wrote about the case, *Deadly Angel: The Bizarre True Story of Alaska's Killer Stripper* (HarperCollins, 2009), a Giganti remark is eerily similar to what Leppink had written shortly before his death: "It was like she had a split personality. She could be so sweet, then turn around and screw you."

After breaking up with Giganti, Hughes headed to Alaska, settled down in Wasilla and found a good place to make money: the Great Alaskan Bush Company. At the bustling Anchorage strip club she eventually caught the eye of retired steelworker John Carlin III, commercial fisherman Kent Leppink and traveling salesman Scott Hilke. At one time or another various combinations of the three infatuated men lived with Hughes at her house in Wasilla and ostensibly became simultaneous fiancés. [*Editor's Note: According to a WSNBC report, Linehan said that Leppink, Carlin and Hilke may have thought she wanted to marry them, but the only person she'd agreed to marry was Scott Hilke.*]

In the spring of 1996, as Sarah Palin was campaigning for mayor, officers from the Division of Alaska State Troopers—which has jurisdiction in homicides—arrived in Wasilla to look into Leppink's murder. On October 2, with the investigation going full steam, Palin was victorious.

One of the new mayor's first official actions was to fire Police Chief Irl Stambaugh. With only one investigator under him, his ouster effectively limited the Wasilla Police Department's assistance in finding who'd killed Kent Leppink. Did Palin know about his murder?

"I would think so," Stambaugh says in *Deadly Angel*. "Everyone watches the same stuff on TV and reads the same stuff. You couldn't have missed it."

Establishing a tip line, offering a reward, even making an official statement that Leppink's killer would be brought to justice—Palin did none of that. By the end of her first term as mayor in 1999, the crime was no longer being actively investigated.

However, when the Alaskan Cold Case Squad was formed in 2003, Leppink's murder became a top priority.

During a second round of interviews with Carlin and Hughes, suspicion again centered on the couple. Hughes was the beneficiary of Leppink's $1-million life insurance policy. (It was later learned that Leppink had designated his parents and a brother as beneficiaries instead, shortly before he was gunned down.) Carlin, who was madly in love with Hughes, looked like a good bet for the triggerman.

> "It was like she had a split personality. She could be so sweet, then turn around and screw you."

The squad's working theory was that Leppink had pinpointed his murderer, Hughes, in the letter to his parents. The note found on the front seat of his car, authored by Hughes and Carlin, had lured him to his death. There were also incriminating e-mails between Hughes and Carlin, not to mention the suspicion that Hughes had based her murder plot on *The Last Seduction*. Hughes had gushed to a friend about the 1994 film and its femme fatale protagonist, portrayed by Linda Fiorentino.

In 2006, Hughes and Carlin, both of whom had moved to the Lower 48, were arrested and brought back to Alaska to face murder charges. In the interim, Hughes had wed medical student Colin Linehan, had a child, gotten her bachelor's and master's degrees and was going by her married name in Olympia, Washington. Carlin had simply moved back to his home state of New Jersey. Granted separate trials, Carlin went first in March 2007.

It helps to have a murder weapon that you can literally put into the hands of the accused. Unfortunately, the gun that took Kent Leppink's life never turned up. However, ballistics evidence indicated that a .44-caliber Magnum Desert Eagle had been used. At trial the state dramatically tied the missing pistol to Carlin when prosecutor Pat Gullufsen called John Carlin IV, the defendant's son, to testify.

"I show you this weapon," Gullufsen declared, picking up a Desert Eagle he had placed on the prosecution table. It wasn't the actual murder weapon but would be damning enough. "Can you identify it?"

"Yes, I remember my father purchasing a firearm from a newspaper ad," said Carlin IV, who was 16 years old at the time of the murder.

"What else do you remember?"

"I remember my father and Mechele—the gun in the sink, and there was clear liquid in the sink, and I smelled bleach. I don't think they expected me home. There was a look of surprise."

It appeared as if the younger Carlin had come in on his father and Hughes as they were attempting to clean the murder weapon—at least the jury saw it that way. On April 7, 2007—after a day and a half of deliberations—John Carlin III was found guilty of first-degree murder.

Next up was Michele Hughes Linehan, whose trial began the following September. Besides all the incriminating notes and letters, she also had to deal with the testimony of Lora Aspiotis, a fellow stripper at the Great Alaskan Bush Company. "I would say that she was one of the top girls that earned a great deal of money," Aspiotis testified.

"Did you and Mechele watch movies a lot?" Gullufsen asked.

"Yes, we did." One in particular had stood out for Mechele, *The Last Seduction*. "She just told me that was her heroine and that she wanted to be just like her."

"Her" was Bridget Gregory, Linda Fiorentino's character. Gregory makes off with drug money owed her doctor husband, then charms a local yokel to kill said husband so she doesn't have to worry about returning it. Gregory then makes sure the dupe gets charged with murder while she jets off to paradise. The Alaska jury bought it, and Linehan was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to 99 years on April 2, 2008. The case might have ended there were it not for the successful appeal.

On October 27, 2008, John Carlin III was beaten to death in Seward Prison on Alaska's Kenai Peninsula. While running for Vice President on the Republican ticket, then-Governor Sarah Palin said and did nothing about Carlin's death. Meanwhile, Linehan hired Jeff Feldman to appeal her conviction.

"My partners, Susan Orlansky and Alex Bryner, and I adjourned to my house, having purchased the DVD of *The Last Seduction*," Feldman reports. "So we watched the movie. When it was over, we all looked at one another and collectively said, 'Huh?' Seeing the

(continued on page 166)

PHOTO COURTESY BILL ROTH / MCT / NEWSCOM

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 04.12.10

PHOTO BY BRIAN SHEFFIELD

BAD RELIGION

"THE SCIENCE OF PUNK"

PUNK MAINSTAYS BAD RELIGION HAVE BEEN DELIVERING WELL-THOUGHTOUT (AND WELL-WRITTEN) PUNK ANTHEMS FOR THREE DECADES, ALL WITHOUT EVER HAVING TO COMPROMISE THEIR STYLE, PRINCIPLES AND VISION FOR MAINSTREAM SUCCESS. VOCALIST AND KEY SONGWRITER GREG GRAFFIN STOPPED BY HUSTLER TO DISCUSS 30 YEARS OF PUNK, HIS TEACHING GIG AND ONE SAD ITALIAN GROUPIE.

HUSTLER: What was the punk scene like in L.A. when you started out?

Greg: It was just a bunch of people that didn't fit into the trendy clichés at the time. There were the surfers. Then there were rockers who liked what we refer to as "classic rock" today. And if you didn't surf with the surfers or smoke bongloads with the rockers on the way to the Rush show, you were considered a kook. The punkers were a group that didn't fit in. We were just sort of misfits. That gave us a community of our own. It was amazing that there was such a diversity of punk bands. There were bands that sounded like a mix of rockabilly and surf, bands that were art rock, bands that had a heavy, angry, aggressive style like Black Flag all mixed in on the same night.

How do you remain punk for three decades?

I've always said, even when I was a kid, that punk is an attitude. I never had the cool spiked hairdos and never had the money to buy the cool clothes and engineer boots. I still felt punk. I realized that punk must be an attitude. I've spent the last 30 years refining what that attitude is, and I still feel that there are a few elements that link all people who consider themselves punk. Even though the punkers of today aren't my peers, they are a group to whom I can relate. That has to do with their challenging of authority and unwillingness to accept what they are told. Ironically, or perhaps not ironically, it's the same things that form my science. Because in science you can never be comfortable with what you're told. You need to test all theories and hypotheses. There is no such thing as authority in science; those who are the authorities are mounted on a fragile foundation because as soon as a new discovery is made we have to re-form the entire structure of the field.

Anger is a big part of punk. How do you maintain that anger as you get older and have had some success?

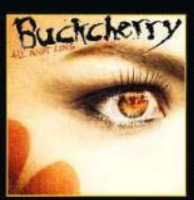
As you get older you get angrier. You can't keep your eyes open in this country for very long without getting angry. The things that were bad when you were young were sup-

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

AVENGED SEVENFOLD
Nightmare

When their drummer Jimmy died of an accidental overdose, it could have signaled the end of the line for Avenged Sevenfold. Instead the Southern California metal band battled back more inspired with this epic release.



BUCKCHERRY
All Night Long

Track two of Buckcherry's new CD sums it all up—"It's a Party." As with their CDs in the past, Josh Todd and company know how to have a rocking good time on *All Night Long*, which is packed with everything from stripper anthems to heartfelt power ballads.

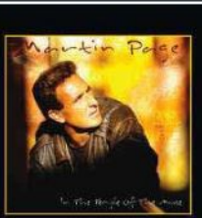
CONCRETE BLONDE
Bloodletting: 20th Anniversary Edition

Twenty years ago Johnette Napolitano and Jim Mankey took their band, Concrete Blonde, from underground Los Angeles darlings to alternative rock gods. The album that did it, *Bloodletting*, gets a revamped treatment here.

GRINDERMAN
Grinderman 2

Goth father Nick Cave's dirty little side project is full of grimy and filthy blues-inspired rock 'n' roll. Like the White Stripes? Grinderman is kind of similar, except all the ominous songs are about sex and sexual tension.

MARTIN PAGE
In the Temple of the Muse



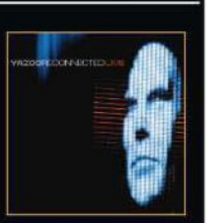
Master songwriter Martin Page knows his way around a hit song. He's penned hits for everyone from Heart to Starship. His third solo CD finds him at the top of his game.

STONE SOUR
Audio Secrecy

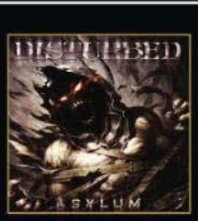
Being nominated for a Grammy is no small feat, and Stone Sour has been nominated for three! Their latest CD is an American hard rock masterpiece.

DOZEN

YAZOO
Reconnected Live



When most bands get together for a live reunion tour it can be a risky proposition, especially if they weren't known for their live shows to begin with. Lucky for us, this two-CD set that captures the '80s electronic duo YAZ is the exception to the rule.



DISTURBED
Asylum

On the surface, heavy metal bands aren't known for their lyrical depth, but then we have the moody and melodic stylings of Disturbed. The lead track here, "Another Way to Die," slams you with the power of classic rock while taking on the heady issue of global warming.

M.I.A.
MAYA

She of "Paper Planes" fame returns with another electro-clash, hip-hop world beat brew of an album. As hard as it is to classify her sound, it's even harder to deny its genius. Highlights include "Teqkilla."

WANG CHUNG
Abducted by the 80s

Yes, they're the same guys behind the mega hit "Everybody Have Fun Tonight." This two-CD set is split into distinctive halves. CD one features rerecorded versions of their biggest hits, including an acoustic take on "To Live and Die in L.A.," while disc two features four brand-new studio tracks.

HELMET
Seeing Eye Dog

Smack-dab in the middle of a wave of '90s nostalgia to which a lot of shit bands are returning comes a solid CD from one of that decade's best. The latest from Helmet is a sonic explosion of joy and pain.

CHROMEO
Business Casual

Modern dance darlings Chromeo return with another retro-tinged funkfest. Old school jams (à la Midnight Star & Zapp) mixed with futuristic grooves. Funky!

posed to get better. But they only got worse. Because we're a band that has an element of social commentary to our songs, paying attention to the changing times has helped us write songs with the same kind of insightful scrutiny.

Do you look at Green Day, who has taken punk mainstream, with any jealousy?

In the '90s punk kind of went mainstream, and you could find it in the malls across America. Before that you could only find it in some of the edgier neighborhood shops. Now you can find it everywhere. This wasn't such a bad thing for a band like us that was committed to music and committed to touring. It helped us. I don't have anything bad to say about the bands that made it more poppy and got embraced by the radio. But it wasn't our style, and my voice wasn't ever going to translate to a pop style. We've always focused on the meaning in the songs. We wanted to move people to think. If you look at pop music it has a good beat and you can dance to it, but they don't think about the words too much. Which is why our style is a little more challenging.

Bad Religion has spent most of its career on indie label Epitaph, but at some point you signed to a major label. What was it like to be part of that big record machine?

In America it didn't really do a lot. But for the rest of the world at large, it expanded us into countries we never would have gone to. It was the first time our records showed up in appreciable numbers in every country in the world. It was the first time our records were distributed in South America. So we went to Brazil and Argentina. Today they remain places where we have a huge following. Australia and Japan as well. It made us a global band.

Do you think that most people's perception of punk is all about the fashion?

It's hard to say. There are certainly trendy people everywhere in every industry and everything. But the people who are doing it for more than just the trend are going to cling to some fundamental values. At least in the punk subculture, the ones who persist are not just interested in the fashion trend. They may have been attracted to it at first but eventually they form some sort of world view.

What is the new CD like?

We just finished two albums in a row that were politically charged. Very critical and a bit cynical, which is our style. This new album has a little more humanity in it. It's a little more feelings-oriented.

A kinder, gentler Bad Religion record?

It's not really kinder. It's just as acerbic and acrid, but it's like our old album, *Recipe for Hate*, that was, believe it or not, more of a sentimental album, even though the title sounds like it's social commentary. There is still that element to our songs. But there are a lot more personal feelings and emotions. This is our emo album. (*Laughs.*)

How do you balance your time between Bad Religion and teaching?

My life has worked out pretty good. I spend three months a year lecturing at UCLA, then about six months working with Bad Religion every year—at least six months. That gives me a good three or four months to develop both my academic pursuits and my creative pursuits. This year I'm exercising both of them because a book is coming out in October, and we're in the midst of preproduction for a Bad Religion record. I don't sleep as much as most people. You have to partition your life quite a bit. I don't stay in one place for too long. Maybe I have ADD, but I can only do things in two- to three-month increments. You just don't expect consistency or stability.

What is the book all about?

It's part personal memoir, but it's also part polemic. It's a critical argument that challenges the notion that studying evolution, which is the field that I teach, leads to atheism. Atheism is a hot topic right now. Most people who study evolution, professionally at least, are atheists. Instead of focusing on the topic of whether or not God exists, I focus on the biology that is inherent in the naturalist world. I call myself a naturalist—I don't call myself an atheist. This book shows how I weave together punk rock values and growing up in punk rock with my developments in science and how that has formed this naturalist worldview. It's a pretty ambitious undertaking, but it is written for everybody. It's a fun book to read. It's not highly scientific.

Has Bad Religion ever had any crazy groupies?

Some of these are so traumatic that I've put them far out of my memory. The greatest one was a number of years ago. In Italy I got back to my room from the show, and there was a girl who had talked the maid into letting her into my room. She was waiting for me after the show. I didn't speak Italian and she didn't speak much English. She said, "I want to sleep here with you." I offered her the couch, thinking she needed a place to crash. She didn't go for that. I wasn't married at the time and could have partook, but it was just too damn awkward. She was just sitting there waiting for me, which was creepy enough. When I finally told her she had to leave she got miffed. On the way out she asked me to sign her ticket. So I guess if she couldn't sleep with me she could at least get an autographed ticket. I signed it 'cause I felt so bad. It was six, maybe seven, years ago. I can't help but wonder what she is doing today. She probably hates me.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

BUZZCOCKS

ORGASM ADDICTS & PUNK ROCK NIGHTS

THINK YOU'RE PUNK ROCK? STEVE DIGGLE IS ONE OF THE GENRE'S FOUNDING FATHERS. AS GUITARIST/CO-SONGWRITER FOR THE BUZZCOCKS, DIGGLE WAS THERE AT THE START OF PUNK. THE BAND'S VERY FIRST GIGS WERE OPENING FOR THE SEX PISTOLS! WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM IN LOS ANGELES DURING A STOP ON THE BAND'S RECENT TOUR TO DISCUSS THE BIRTH OF PUNK, THE WEIRDEST FUCK EVER AND THE REISSUE OF THE BAND'S CATALOG.

HUSTLER: Did you ever imagine when you started the band back in the '70s that you would still be doing it decades later?

Steve: No. It was kind of a three-week project to get the band together to open up for the Sex Pistols. After that we had no idea what was going to happen. The idea was to do something live and direct. We wanted to make music that was twice as fast as the progressive rock of the time. Bands were singing about mushrooms in the sky and that kind of shite! When you're 20 that stuff is totally irrelevant. I saw the keyboard player from Yes (Rick Wakeman), and he had a million synthesizers on the stage, pressing all these buttons. Then he brought out a full-size alpine horn as long as the stage. I thought, "Fuck, something has got to change!"

What were those first Buzzcocks shows like?

Legendary, really. Manchester was a gray industrial town. The Sex Pistols fell out of the elevator, and they looked like an English version of the New York Dolls with bright orange hair and all the rest of it. That was a big thing in Manchester, to see people like that. All the journalists came down to see them and reviewed us. That put the provinces on the map. From there came the Liverpool, Sheffield and Manchester scenes. We had something special about our sound. Plus we had songs like "Orgasm Addict." (*Laughs.*) It was that direct nature that touched a nerve with the people that came to see us. And it spread like wildfire. This was in a time before mobile phones and the Internet.

All the songs are short and to the point. Was it planned that they should be no longer than three minutes?

Yeah. You really can get a lot out in a stanza instead of writing a full fucking novel. You can say enough in that time without boring people. It's like trying to chat a woman up. If you're fucking boring to them, they know. If you cut the shite out and get straight to the point they usually respond.

What do you remember about writing "Orgasm Addict"?

All our songs came together very quickly. We do a lot of prep work. I think it's who we are as people. When we are rehearsing with the band the chemistry between me and Pete [Pete Shelly, Buzzcocks lead singer] comes together very quickly. When we wrote the songs we could finish two or three in an afternoon and be in the bar by early evening while the band in the next studio was still trying to come up with an intro. We are the two main writers and two guitarists, and individually, we come in with ideas that we've been percolating, and somehow it just pours out really quick. Those are the best songs, and "Orgasm Addict" came out like a gusher. No pun intended. (*Laughs.*)

Other band members have come and gone in the Buzzcocks, but you and Pete remained. What is the chemistry that keeps the two of you working together?

It's because we're kind of like polar opposites in a way. And it works. We've had many arguments, but they have been great. It's like fencing or jousting. Some intellectual arguments, some ridiculous, like over cheese or something. After that you can be quite brutal with each other, and again, direct and honest. It's like being in a marriage, isn't it?

How is the marriage these days?

Really good. We've kind of run out of things to argue about. It's quite harmonious, although we did just have a bit of a rook somewhere on this tour. But that's the curve of the tour.

Do you think you will ever get in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and do you care?

We've never been awarded that much for stuff. It's kind of not what we intended to do really. I think maybe we will. I went there. We were staying at a hotel down the road. I had to pay to get in. (*Laughs.*) I didn't want any attention anyway. I think we will get in at some point. It's kind of like getting a school badge. Really, it's better to be the fucking anti of shit like that.

What do you think you would have been if not a rock star?

You have to take that chance. I was prepared to be a bum on the street or a rock star. I still hang with the bums on the street. That's where I buy my drugs. (*Laughs.*) They're not all bad.

What are the groupies like these days?

You get to meet all these young girls on the road these days that are buying our records. I used to be the same age as them—now I'm fucking 20-year-olds. They're getting younger. (*Laughs.*) I used to be old enough to be their father. Now I'm the grandfather. It doesn't matter. The great thing about being in a band is that you get to taste the fruits of the world.

What is your craziest groupie story?

About ten years ago, I forget where it was, maybe Singapore, these people persuaded me to go to their hotel because there was a big orgy going on. We were all off our heads. I was fucking a girl on the balcony. Then some guy on the next balcony was hanging down by his fingertips trying to jump down to another balcony. We were about a hundred feet up. I'm fucking this girl, and right as I came I said to the guy, "Don't do that man!" It was the weirdest feeling because I was feeling elation but thinking this guy is going to fall to his death. That was the weirdest fuck ever! Luckily he made it, and I came.

Grab My
Tits and
FUCK ME
FROM BEHIND!
1-800-BLACK-ASS
2.98 PER/MIN. ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

as low as 95¢ MIN
READY TO RIDE YOUR DICK
1-800 WET CLIT
(1-800-938-2548)
Promo Code 1100 FOR FREE MINUTES!
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
ALL LIVE

AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
1-800 444 BETTY
(1-800-444-2388)
THIS COUGAR WILL TEACH YOUR COCK A LESSON
PROMO CODE 1100
ALL LIVE
DATE LOCAL MILFS!
1-800-444-DATE
(1-800-444-3283)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM

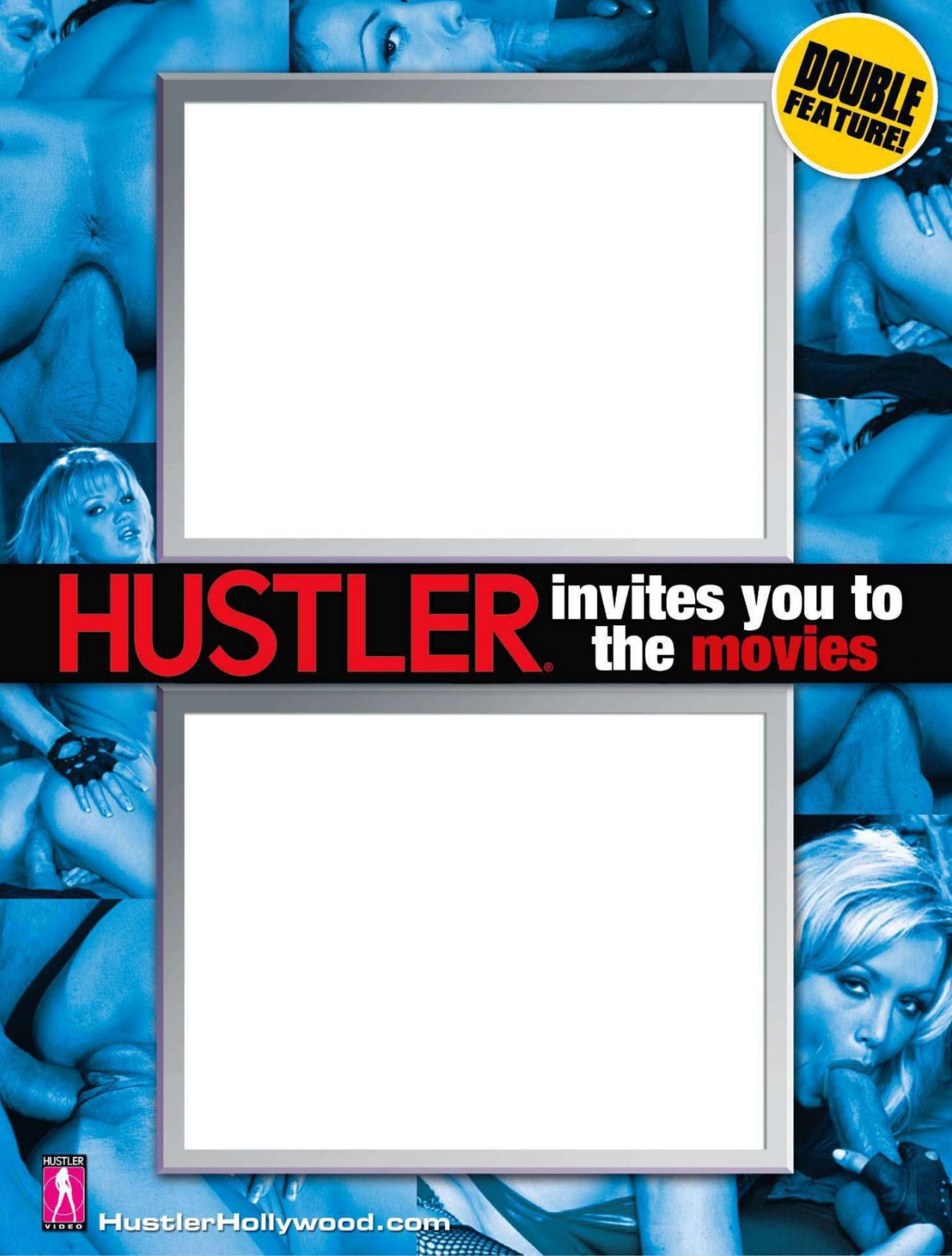
1-800 WET CUNT
Promo Code 1100 For FREE MINUTES!
(1-800-938-2868)
BE MY DADDY!
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
Meet Local Girls!
1-800-888 DATE
(1-800-888-3283)
Live Text Chat:
1-469-274-0654
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM

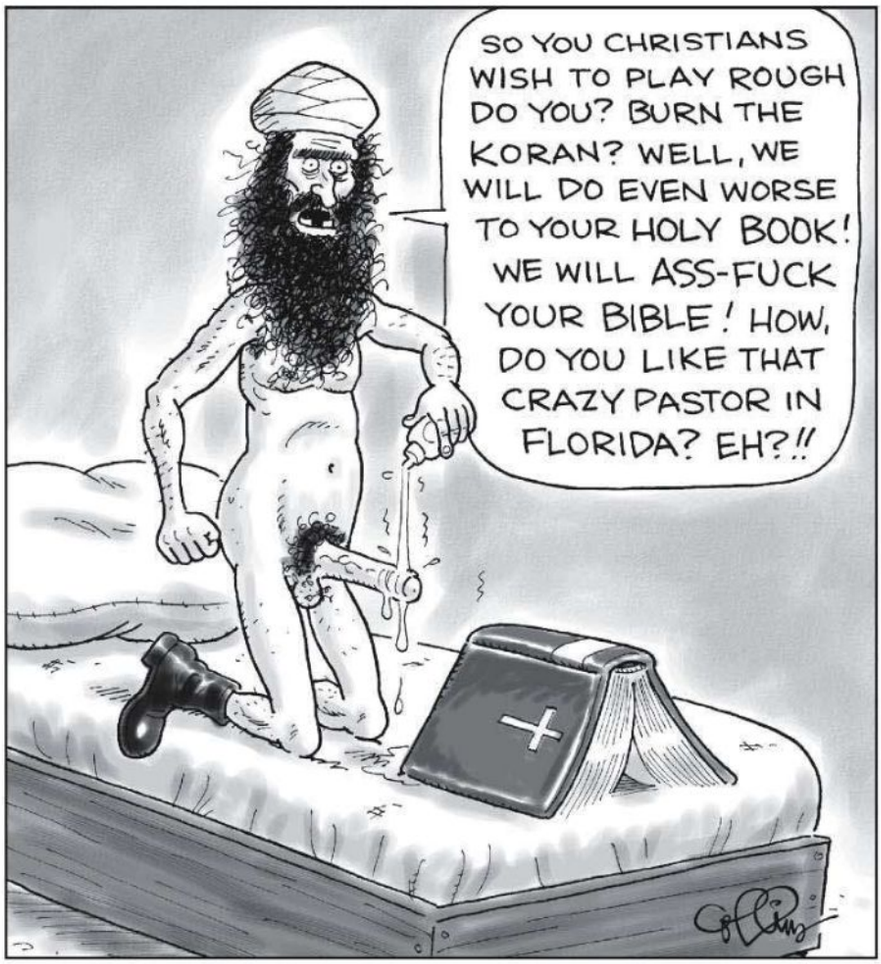
1-800 PROMO CODE 1100 (1-800-938-7877)
WET-PUSSY
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
ALL REAL!
CUM TAKE MY VIRGIN HOLES
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
TEXT ME
1-469-274-0654

1-800 WET TITS
PROMO CODE 1100
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
ALL REAL!
(1-800-938-8487)
TWO HUGE HANDFULS!
MEET LOCAL GIRLS
1-800-888-DATE
(1-800-888-3283)
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM

The Art of SANDRA CHANG

SandraChang.net


DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com



(continued from page 47)

nario is that Clifton is being reprised by Bob Zmuda, Kaufman's lifelong friend and the cofounder of Comic Relief. But no one knows for sure—or they're just not talking. When someone asks Comedy Store staffers, who are all wearing black T-shirts emblazoned with Clifton's face, "Who's playing Tony Clifton tonight?," they reply flatly, "Tony Clifton is."

It doesn't matter. Whoever the guy is, he's here to entertain whether those on hand like it or not. For the next three-plus hours, with the audience's rapt admiration bordering on religious, the filthy and hilarious Clifton pummels us with a barrage of racist jokes and over-the-top songs.

Thankfully, political correctness is nowhere to be found. Highlights include his 22-minute (we timed it) version of Glen Campbell's "Rhinestone Cowboy;" Clifton's being interviewed by a marionette of himself; and video footage shot at Dennis Hof's World-Famous Moonlite BunnyRanch brothel. The clip (pun intended!) features Clifton grooming several women's pubes with the official Tony Clifton Pussy Shaver, a product that is available for sale after the show. (We buy four!)

But Clifton's secret weapon isn't his warbling voice or off-color humor; it's the three burlesque beauties who take turns joining him onstage. The trio includes a young gal named Keely, who Clifton claims to have picked up hitchhiking along a rural road and has since adopted. "Incest is best!" Clifton cracks as he lovingly gropes his new "daughter." The crowd cackles with uncomfortable laughter.

The evening ends with Clifton bestowing heartfelt thanks as he launches into his theme song, "I Will Survive." The sappy disco tune (originally recorded by Gloria Gaynor) is about overcoming obstacles to succeed on your own terms. Perfectly summing up the life and legacy of Clifton's creator, "I Will Survive" is the epitaph of Andy Kaufman's lasting genius.

In upcoming months, Clifton and his troupe will be touring the country and releasing a live DVD for those not brave enough to experience him in person. All of the profits go to Comic Relief, which has raised millions for the homeless and has also helped support displaced entertainers from New Orleans.

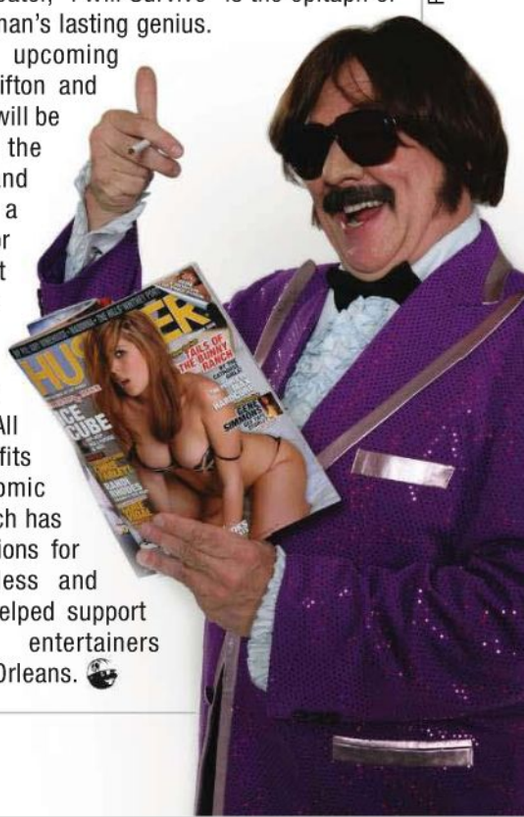


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

PHOTOS BY CARLOS IMANI

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

SCREEN NAME:
Natasha Eppright

AGE: 23

LOCATION: KENT, WASHINGTON

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 1,691

Wearing thigh-high fishnets and a red baby doll nightie as she invitingly spreads out on a black fur bed, 23-year-old Natasha is definitely the last girl on Earth you'd think had been a tomboy growing up. But truth be told, the 5-foot-10 stunner—who was born in Germany and raised in Olympia, Washington—still considers herself one of the guys.

"I can't stand to gossip," Natasha starts off. "And that's why I prefer working with all males. I basically sell semi-truck parts and maintain large fleets for dirty truckers! I just love sitting back with my boys and shooting the shit about sex, football and street bikes."

By day, Natasha caters to long-haul truckers, but at night she's the one who's up for getting dirty. At times, that includes attending wild swinger parties in a rainy city better known for jets and java. "Seattle offers a great atmosphere for swingers," Natasha confides. "And there are a few private clubs that showcase alternative sexual adventures. Plus, I'm definitely a social butterfly. I just want to enjoy life to the fullest!"

Despite her penchants for "being one of the guys" and immersing herself in raucous group sex, Natasha insists she does have a soft side. "You can cry on my shoulder anytime you want," the compassionate networker explains. "I'll do anything for my friends and family. I love to make everyone smile!"

Recently Natasha got a chance to show off her feminine and macho traits by landing a roster spot as a two-way lineman with the Lingerie Football League's Seattle Mist. With ten teams from coast to coast, the full-contact indoor league features a bevy of babes wearing not only shoulder pads and other gridiron gear, but also garters, bras and panties.

Young women whose delectable bodies are barely concealed knock heads on a football field? Sign us up for season tickets!

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to *Hustler@LFP.com*.

BY YELENA AKOPIAN

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

PREJUDICE OVER PRIDE

STUDENTS AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO** FIGHT FOR RESPECT AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

It all began with a Facebook invitation to a college party during Black History Month. The bash, called the "Compton Cookout," was allegedly thrown by the University of California, San Diego's Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, which denied being the organizer but acknowledged that some members had been present. The invitation asked guests to dress like their favorite African-American stereotypes, even suggesting "ghetto chicks" who "usually have gold teeth, start fights and drama, and wear cheap clothes."

Few would have expected the statewide media firestorm that the Compton Cookout ignited.

By the following week, members of the Black Student Union (BSU) had gotten wind of it—and they were pissed. Chancellor Marye Anne Fox sent out a campuswide e-mail condemning the party. Fox called for a "Not in Our Community" campaign to promote diversity, but then said that no disciplinary action could be taken against those responsible, since the event hadn't been sanctioned by the university.

And give or take a few sparsely attended forums, it seemed the issue would soon be forgotten. That is, until Kris Gregorian—editor in chief of the *Koala*, UCSD's notoriously offensive and crude comedy newspaper—went on-air during a broadcast of *Koala TV* and called critics of the party "ungrateful niggers."

Gregorian then published an editorial in which he stated, "Not everyone cares about your stupid 'social justice' causes enough to stop smoking weed, jerking off, and laughing about stupid shit. … We're giving out handies for anyone who has been 'hurt' by the campus climate."

Although Gregorian admits he was blacked-out drunk when making his outburst on the student-run TV station's broadcast, he doesn't regret what he said. "It was calling for a racial dialogue," he explained. "We need to use the terminology people use. My goal with the *Koala* is to make people uncomfortable. It's a mirror. The biggest problem at UCSD is apathy."

True, life at UCSD—where black students make up only 1.3% of the 22,000 undergraduate population—is tame. Most students prefer to spend their nights hitting the books, explaining why the school has earned high rankings for its academics along with the nickname UC Socially Dead.

But the shitstorm stemming from the Compton Cookout soon eradicated UCSD's "biggest problem." Associated Students Council President Utsav Gupta immediately revoked the campus TV station's charter, effectively shutting it down. Meanwhile, the Black Student Union declared a state of emergency, called for a meeting with administrators and drew up a list of 32 demands aimed at improving the climate at UCSD.

The Black Student Union declared a state of emergency, called for a meeting with administrators and drew up a list of 32 demands.

A student posing as Chancellor Fox then sent the *Koala* a letter: "32 is not enough. I am bent over my chair awaiting more deep penetrating demands. My ass is not yet full."

The next morning, 200 students dressed in black marched through the campus in support of the BSU's demands, which included the establishment of a "safe space"; a permanent task force dedicated to funding outreach efforts; and implementation of a holistic-review admissions process by which each application is considered in its entirety rather than having separate sections examined by different people.

Almost overnight, the anti-Compton Cookout campaign had transformed into an anti-*Koala* one. A search of the TV station for a tape containing Gregorian's remarks only turned up a piece of paper with the words *Compton lynching* scribbled on it. Adding to the tension, a noose was found dangling from a light fixture in UCSD's main library.

At a rally the following morning, hundreds of students decried what they felt was a hostile and unsafe campus environment. Facebook groups and petitions began circulating, asking the Associated Students Council (ASC) to stop funding "hate speech."

Disregarding the First Amendment and the council's own constitution, which prevents it from cutting the lifeline of any campus media organization based on content, Gupta used his executive powers to temporarily freeze funding to the university's 33 publications, including the *Koala*. Gupta said the move wasn't targeted at the *Koala*, but Gregorian claims Gupta admitted on tape that his actions were intended to silence the controversial newspaper.

Campus media that depend on ASC funding turned against Gupta, claiming his actions infringed on their right to freedom of speech. Gregorian received death threats, while the ASC hired lawyers who sent the *Koala* a cease-and-desist letter.

Protesters also staged a six-hour occupation of the Chancellor's Complex, demanding that the university be shut down and the BSU's list of demands immediately met. The administration refused at first, but a few weeks later, Chancellor Fox signed a modified list of 19 demands.

For the first time in decades at UCSD, issues of free speech and race sparked a crusade that extended to even the most reclusive corners of the campus's library. It's telling when "hate speech" does more to bring campus race relations to the forefront than a campaign orchestrated by administrators ever could. Long live freedom of speech!

Yelena Akopian is a University of California, San Diego senior majoring in international studies with emphases in political science and Russian literature. She is the onetime editor of *The Guardian*, UCSD's official student newspaper, writes for various publications and reads voraciously in her free time.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

KENZIE

PORTLAND STATE UNIVERSITY

Kenzie Taylor is all about striving for great heights—and not just academically. In high school this denizen of Beaverton, Oregon, always aced her classes and was on a cheerleading squad that won state championships. But that's when she also began indulging her dark side. "I liked to party with the wild kids," Kenzie confesses.

Knowing when to be wild has been a plus. Only 19, the psychology major is already a junior at Portland State. "I'm overloading my classes so I can finish my bachelor's degree this summer," she says. "I'm so excited. I want to go into clinical psychology."

When Kenzie isn't learning about the nuances of the human mind, she digs shopping, reading, watching movies and adding ornaments to her erogenous zones. "For a while I just had piercings in my belly button and both nipples," Kenzie explains. "Then I got braver and had my clit hood pierced. I love the sensations of it when I'm having sex."

As for her amorous preferences, Kenzie adds, "I like all types of men: blond jocks; tall, dark and handsome guys; sexy geeks; and professional businessmen."

When indulging her bi side, Kenzie is pickier, tending to shy away from chicks with petite breasts and a willowy bod like her own. "I don't like stick figures," the 5-foot-6 switch-hitter insists. "She has to have some T&A, nice curves and be supercute. But no matter what gender, I need someone who knows how to have fun and be adventurous."

That would also apply to a particular Kenzie fantasy: "It sounds like a cliché, but I want to have sex on a beach where people can see me. Minus the sand in my ass crack, of course. So far, appearing naked in HUSTLER is my sexiest dream come true. Thank you!"

PHOTOS BY EVAN CONNER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

MODEL BEHAVIOR

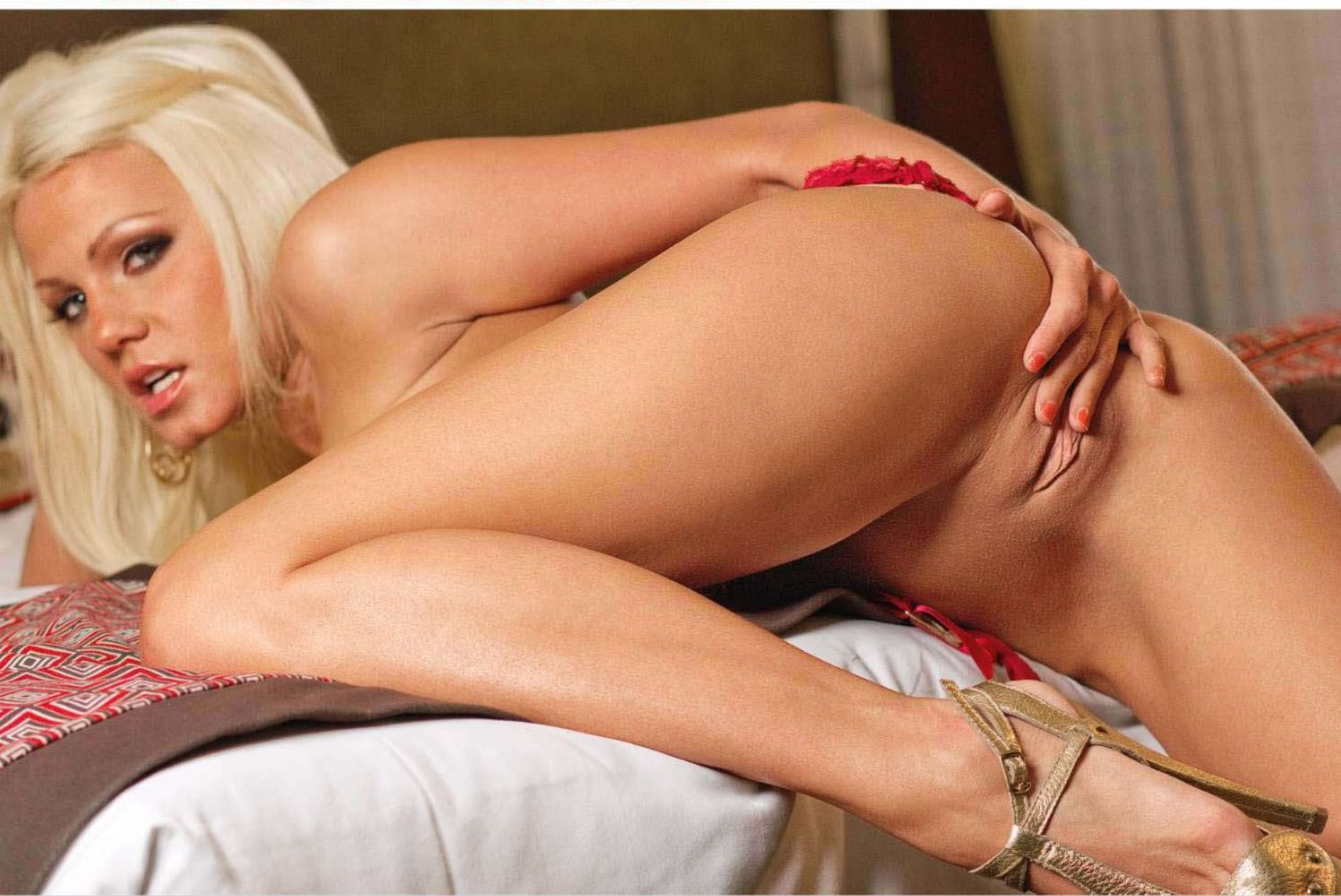
RHIAN ALISE

Rhian Alise is living a double life. On most days she can be found at home in sweatpants, her hair tied in a ponytail, writing song lyrics and poetry. But when she's at work and the cameras are flashing, the bayou babe is nothing short of a hurricane on heels.

"I tear it up!" **Rhian** exclaims. "I become a total badass when I step on the set. The minute I have my hair and makeup done, it's *on*. I'm like an entirely different person. My nerdiness just goes on pause. "

Rhian began modeling four years ago. While mostly doing glamour shoots, she also enjoys assignments that are creatively "on the edge" and doesn't mind going nude for the right project. "I've adopted a do-or-die approach to my modeling career," **Rhian** maintains. "My goal is to do more interesting work and high-profile stuff that will really get me noticed. In no way am I a diva. I just finally know what I want and am excited to chase after it."

Rhian is also looking forward to expressing herself with words. "Modeling permits me to become someone else," she sighs. "Poetry allows me to be *me*. I like that balance."



RHIAN ALISE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Baton Rouge, Louisiana | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 110

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Licking order: Zoe Britton **Interns** under Julia Ann, who serves Samantha Ryan (right), while Allie Haze (below) kisses ass.*

The Interns

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: CHLOE SAMPSON & EDDIE POWELL. STARRING: SAMANTHA RYAN, JULIA ANN, SARA STONE, MICHELLE LAY, CHARLIE LAINE, AVY SCOTT, ALLIE HAZE, ZOE BRITTON, ZOE VOSS & VIOLET MONROE.

This installment in New Sensations' all-girl Sappho series is a glossy fashion-world fantasy about power hungry interns driven to kiss ass and fuck each other over, literally. Bosomy Sara Stone throws herself into a threesome with Charlie Laine and Michelle Lay with plenty of panting, nipple-pinching, clitoris-slapping enthusiasm. Power is an aphrodisiac, and boss cougar Julia Ann abuses hers to devour intern Samantha Ryan and lay down a great mentor seduction scene. Cute Allie Haze is the intern with a conscience, corruptible only by fleshy bad girl Zoe Britton. Their scene is the movie's hottest, with champagne being sucked out of panty hose for the foreplay, followed by plenty of patient, genital intimacy. If you want to eat pussy right, take lessons from Zoe. The brunet bombshell gets a scorching encore with Julia Ann, ending *The Interns* in style. There's a refreshing lack of strap-ons and toys in this flick. Fashions change, and natural is in, which means lots of wet, smoochy mouthwork and serious fingering. The devil wears Prada, but these angels drape themselves in the highest-quality pussy there is.

—M.J.

Angels *Andy San Dimas (with Cassandra Cruz) and Vicki Chase (below) go undercover.*

Not Charlie's Angels XXX

X-PLAY/DIGITAL SIN. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: SUNNY LEONE, LEXI SWALLOW, ANDY SAN DIMAS, HEATHER STARLET, BREANNE BENSON, MADISON IVY, VICKI CHASE, CASSANDRA CRUZ, DIRTY HARRY, ERIC JOHN, ERIC SWISS, MARCUS LONDON, SETH GAMBLE & JAMES BARTHOLET.

It's astounding that this wasn't one of the first sitcums made. Were we waiting for Sunny Leone's unnecessary boobjob? Sunny as Kelly and Andy San Dimas as Sabrina are decent casting, but is Lexi Swallow (as Jill) really the Farrah Fawcett of porn? You be the judge. By the way, pretty Vicki Chase plays Kris. The story (like you care) is about finding some runaway heiresses, which calls for the Angels to fuck their way through the sleazy disco scene. (Watch for the nifty retro props!) Girl-girl specialist Sunny conducts a fine in-depth investigation of Breanne Benson to get things started. Heather Starlet's bathroom-slut performance is the way prime time should be, and Andy's romp with Cassandra Cruz is pretty fuckin' groovy. But Sunny Leone remains the best reason to see this tasteless ode to bad taste. The real *Charlie's Angels* is what passed for home-stroker content back in the '70s (not counting HUSTLER Magazine) so this parody makes for a nice comparison. As they said in the '70s, you've come a long way, baby—now suck it. ***—M.J.***

Enter the third dimension: Misty Stone and Danica Dillon will do anything to spoof ***Avatar****.*

This Ain't Avatar XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: MISTY STONE, CHANEL PRESTON, NICKI HUNTER, DANICA DILLON, JUELZ VENTURA, CHRIS JOHNSON, EVAN STONE, LEXINGTON STEELE, ERIC SWISS & DALE DABONE.

The question on everyone's mind has finally been addressed: How do those blue things fuck? The answer: pretty much the same as we do. Sounds disappointing, but come on, when's the last time you jerked off to a blue alien with a dick in her mouth? Everyone's a sucker for a gimmick! Speaking of which, this is HUSTLER's first 3D movie (two pairs of glasses included), which works better in some scenes than others. As they say, your results may vary (depending on your TV, etc.). Luckily the two-disc set also provides a headache-free 2D version. Whatever dimension you prefer to stroke it in, this blue movie will keep you busy—at least until the next body-painting convention blows into town. Order it on page 140. ***—M.J.***

Rio Valentine, Shawna Lenee and Zeina Heart are ***Teenlicious****.*

Teenlicious

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: RILEY STEELE, ZEINA HEART, RIO VALENTINE, SHAWNA LENEE, GABRIELLA FOX, JAMES DEEN, SCOTT NAILS, DANNY MOUNTAIN & TONI RIBAS.

See if you can guess which of these girls is a real teenager. Okay, it's a trick question. But who cares, as long as they look like teens, right? Well, they don't. But who cares, as long as you can stroke to it, right? That you can! Fuck bunny Riley Steele capably opens this standard pussy parade. The doll-faced heir to Jesse Jane's throne seems to be the flavor of the year, so you probably have her coming out of your ears by now (if you're lucky). Let's move on to Zeina Heart. The slender Tunisian-born beauty is the kind of creature that makes preachers want to be porn studs. Lively and full of smiles, her two-cock scene is a charmer. Zeina's the one to beat—and beat off to—but the steamy entries of Rio Valentine and Gabriella Fox give the second half of this disc a welcome south-of-the-border flavor. Note to casting: Keep them onboard for *Latinalicious*. They're gorgeous, and it'll be truth in advertising! Wait, are they even real Latinas? ***—M.J.***

*It's **All Anal**: Kristina Rose and Madison Parker (below) get stuffed.*

Barely Legal All Anal

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: VAN STYLES. STARRING: MADISON PARKER, JULES STERLING, AMY BROOKE, KIRRA LYNNE, KRISTINA ROSE, MISSY STONE, MARK ASHLEY, TALON, MARCO BANDERAS, SASCHA & MR. PETE.

Half of you creamed your jeans just reading that title. For the rest of you, footage of Kristina Rose with her legs up around her head and a dick balls-deep in her ass should do the trick. Cum sponge Kristina—with her teen-sized titties, perfect ass and slutty giggle—is one of our country's hard-core treasures. As usual she sets the bar high, but her suck-cessors on this disc—most endearingly Madison Parker, who shows up sporting terry cloth shorts and a Hungarian accent—are clearly mastering the rectal arts at a young age. Tight-assed Missy Stone rounds out the fun with a performance that will make you think the sweet ache of an overstretched sphincter is to die for. In the spirit of self-advertising hyperbole, *All Anal* is yet another milestone in the annals of *Barely Legal*. Buy it on page 140. **—M.J.**

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV™

*Thank heaven: Gigi charms your pants off in **Barely Legal #110**.*

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

jessica drake lends starpower to ***Tattle Tale*** *and* ***Speed***.

jessica drake: fast and furious

Wicked Pictures' celebrated contract star jessica drake (she insists on a lowercase spelling) has become a one-woman industry. Along with writing, directing and performing, she runs her own Web site (**jessicadrake.com**), markets a sex toy line, hosts a weekly radio show, writes a regular column and gives sex seminars all over the world. The Texan thirtysomething has become the anti-stereotypical face of porn: smart, hardworking and clean-living. A three-time winner of *AVN*'s Best Actress Award and loads of other honors, drake also fucks her ass off, meeting a quota of seven hard-core features a year. Her most recent are the biker epic *Speed* (directed by boyfriend Brad Armstrong) and the romantic thriller *Tattle Tale*.

What is the hardest sex act to do right?

Is there any right way to do *anything?* It's all subjective. Anything goes if I'm turned on. No one ever knows when or if I'm going to do anal or go all the way to double penetration. But from a shooting standpoint, I'd have to say orgies. It's tough to give everyone equal attention.

How have you changed since you first got into the business?

I'm more comfortable with my body and my sexuality. I know what I like, and I'm still trying new things. I'm much more confident and in some ways smarter.

What do you do when your costar can't keep wood?

It's rare, but it happens. I just go the extra mile to make him comfortable, take the pressure off. No one wants a bad scene. When a guy gets into that mindset, it could be all downhill, so you have to really try to turn it around. I try to pick people I have amazing chemistry with; that really helps.

What do you wish you were allowed to do more of on camera?

I really love rough, aggressive sex. It's tough to fit that in to what we market at Wicked Pictures, but I crave it sometimes.

What's your favorite part of shooting a sex scene?

When I get off! It's not fair that guys get to orgasm every time. We girls need our own money shot! When I shoot, I make it my business to come. I would never have done this to begin with if I didn't think it would be fun. ***—Craig Modderno***

1-800 WET PUSSY
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
(1-800-938-7877)
Promo Code 1100 For FREE MINUTES!
1-800 ASK-4-ASS
(1-800-275-4277)

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
All models 18+ U7472
TEXT US RIGHT NOW
1-469-274-0654
MEET LOCAL GIRLS (1-800-999-6338)
1-800-999 MEET
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM

SusanVegas.com
Talk Live With Ladies 18-40+
No Restrictions No Limitations
Confidential Customer Care
owned & operated
by Susan Vegas
24
HOURS
$29.95 for 15 min.
$49.95 for 30 min.
$59.95 for 45 min.
$69.95 for 60 min.
702-898-8339
No Hidden Fees
No Additional Charges

*In the **Zone**: Kimberly Kane, Kylee Reese and Jessica Jaymes (below) get creeped out.*

The Twilight Zone Porn Parody

LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: JESSICA JAYMES, KIMBERLY KANE, CHAYSE EVANS, KYLEE REESE, EVAN STONE, ERIC SWISS, JACK LAWRENCE & ERIC MASTERSON.

Sadly, this parody has almost nothing to do with Rod Serling's classic TV show. Director Paul Thomas opted instead to suggest that what scared people most in the '60s was the creeping sexual revolution. Submitted for your approval: Kimberly Kane, the prim new neighbor of sex demon Jessica Jaymes, whose moans of ecstasy waft through the neighborhood. Before long the local housewives are swapping spit and pussy juice, and the men are coveting each other's wives. Jessica's standard warm-up fuck is quickly outdone by Kylee Reese's dildo sessions with Chayse Evans and Kane, not to mention the obligatory climactic orgy. With her unique screen presence and highly fuckable anus, Ms. Kane (not to be missed in New Sensations' *X Files* parodies) is arguably the best thing about this (non)frightening tale of a Bible-thumping town falling victim to free-humping fun. It ain't *The Twilight Zone* by a long shot, but if it popped up on TV in 1963, it would scare the shit out of people. **—M.J.**

Great Stuff You Need

HUSTLER'S SHOPPING GUIDE

PSYCHIC SOURCE
Most respected Psychic Service since 1989

TRY A RISK FREE PSYCHIC READING
$10 for 10 Minutes
Authentic Psychics Available 24/7
Call Today
1-888-522-3026
Offer valid for first time customers only.
Callers must be 18 years or older

LONGER SEX

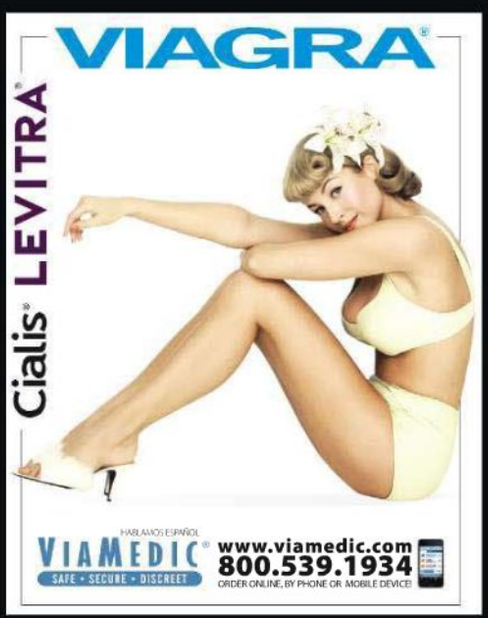
• Stop Premature Ejaculation
• Longer Sexual Pleasure
• Prolong Erections
• Fast Acting
• Maximum Strength
• Made in U.S.A
Only $19.95 +S&H
Available at: www.amazon.com
www.actacaine.com
Order 24/7: 1-888-293-7727

sumo intimacy
ELEVATE YOUR SEX LIFE

SUMOINTIMACY.COM
SEX FURNITURE

The Lube Shooter™
Get it between the cheeks, not on the sheets...™

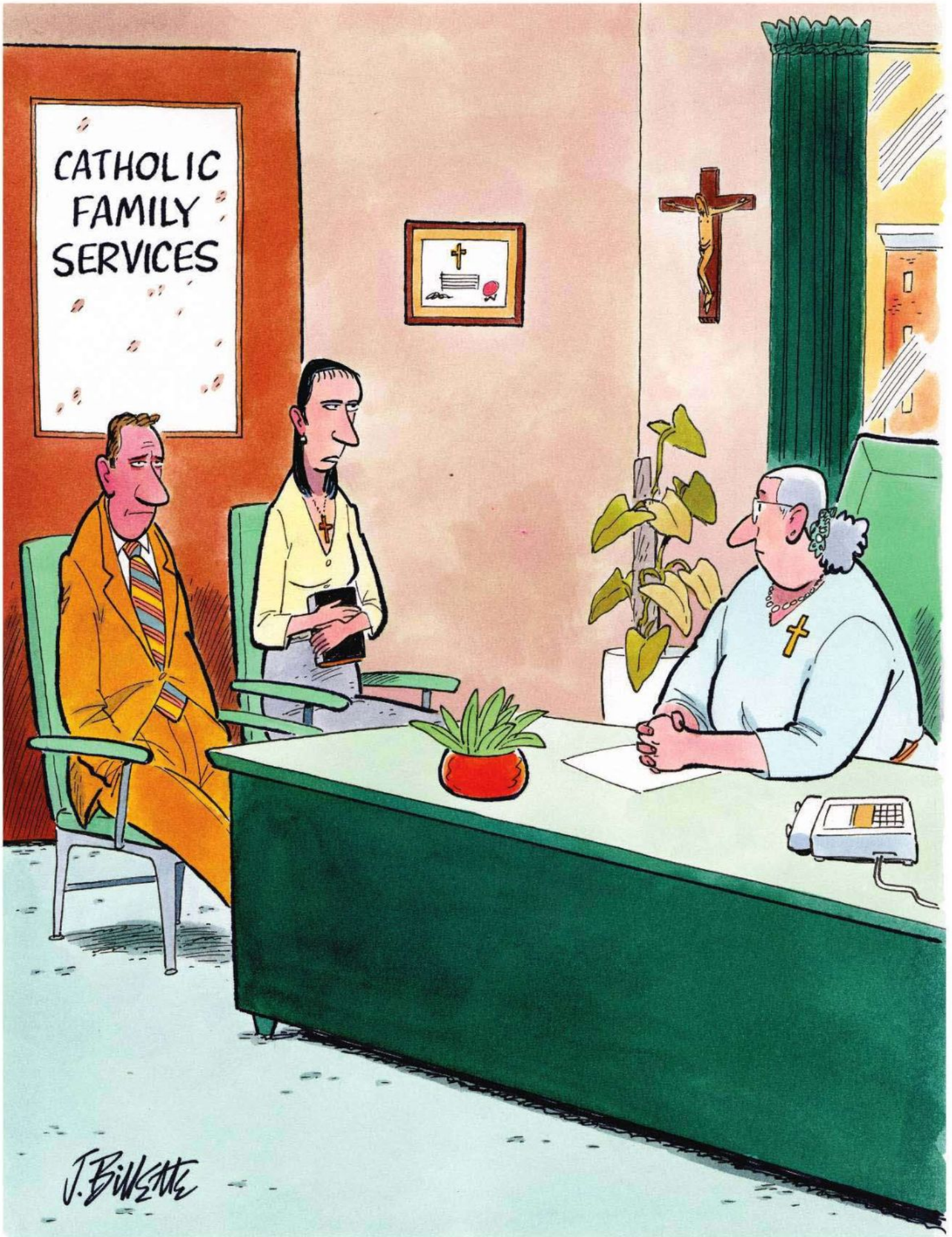
Indulge yourself in a little HEDONISM!
Take 15% OFF any purchase at
www.stockroom.com/taboo
Use Promotional Code 'HST15' at checkout
Stockroom.com
Sale may not be combined with other discounts, sales, coupons or promotions.

VIAGRA®
Cialis® LEVITRA®

HABLAMOS ESPAÑOL
VIAMEDIC
SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET
www.viamedic.com
800.539.1934
ORDER ONLINE, BY PHONE OR MOBILE DEVICE!

CASH4GOLD.com
Sell Your Gold Jewelry!
Millions of Dollars Paid Out!
1. Request Your Free Kit
2. Send Insured Pre-Paid Pak
3. Cash in 24 Hours
Call 1-888-671-4260

Larry Flynt opens his personal vault of 35 years of HUSTLER magazine just for you!

Go to HustlerMagazine.com/ShopMagazines and order now



"We're looking for a woman who wants to be a surrogate mother. I can't have children because I will never let a disgusting penis near me!"

THIS AIN'T **DANCING WITH THE STARS** XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Assuming you're not a pussy-whipped loser or some kind of colon cowboy, there's a good chance you've never seen *Dancing With the Stars*, ABC's hit celebrity dance-off competition. Chock-full of D-listers and twinkle-toe choreography, the show offers very little stroke value to the discerning masturbator.

Thankfully, this ain't that *Dancing With the Stars*. Sure, each of the parody's scenes opens with a dance number—our favorite being the **Sindee Jennings**-**Otto Bauer** tango. But as these photos prove, it's what the performers do off their feet that will earn top marks from your cock.

Fans of HUSTLER's acclaimed spoofs will also be thrilled to see **Scarlett Fay** reprise her role as Tinseltown terror Lindsay Lohan. The 25-year-old redhead played the actress/singer/high-profile bad girl in James DiGiorgio's *Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Lohan* and, most recently, in Axel Braun's *Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Goes to Jail*.

Directed by Stuart Canterbury, *This Ain't Dancing With the Stars XXX* costars **Cody Love**, **Dylan Ryder**, **Kiara Diane**, **Tony De Sergio**, **Dylan Riley**, **Eric John**, **James Bartholet** and **Randy Spears**, who once again suits up to play talk show host David Letterman. Spears last portrayed the funnyman in HUSTLER's 2009 hard-core parody *Letterman Is Nailin' Palin.*

This Ain't Dancing With the Stars XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

JAKI

As Texans prepare to mark the Lone Star State's Independence Day on March 2, we'll kick-start our latest roundup with this "bubbly, nerdy, down-to-earth and humorous" office manager from Austin. Jaki, 22, is also a free spirit who wants to be seen in all her glory at the optimum moment. "I've always been told you only live once," the newbie reckons. "I am living, and the last time I checked I won't look like this forever." In the meantime the 5-foot-7 filly fills her leisure time with a menu that far surpasses a fondness for Cher, Journey, Sugarland and cake. "I love to dance, read, write and be a great girlfriend," Jaki spells out. "I please a guy constantly. I'll do his laundry, clean house, take showers with him, rub his back or just chill while drinking some beer and watching football. I am very loyal and loving." But Jaki—whose fave TV shows are *Grey's Anatomy*, *Tosh.0* and *Family Guy*—especially savors the best *0*. "I masturbate daily," she admits. "I like to think clitoral stimulation relieves a lot of stress. Just a little bit of porn and myself, and I am good to go." Of course, Jaki isn't just a soloist: "I love when a man is behind me, pulling my hair and slapping my ass. Once he puts me in this position, it's over for both of us." With sex "in the driveway, in a backyard underneath the stars and in a cornfield" under her belt, the tempting Texan muses, "I've always wanted to try the sundae spread. Me butt naked on a counter, whipped cream, strawberries ('cause I hate cherries) and some chocolate syrup." —Photos by Friend

NATASHA ANNEMARIE

"If you want to play my game, you need to step up to the plate!" bellows this 21-year-old aspiring model from HUSTLER's old haunt—Columbus, Ohio. Talk about abiding by one's own rule. By exposing her 5-foot-1 anatomy for our perusal, German-born Natasha Annemarie has certainly dug into the batter's box, not to mention wiggling a gratifying gizmo into *her* cozy box. "I'm a straight-up person," Natasha points out. "What you see is what you get. One of my hobbies is walking around the house naked. Another is masturbating. And who doesn't love sex?" The brazen Buckeye isn't short of other joys. Natasha is an ardent shopper and social networker. For music she favors Lil Wayne, Gucci Mane and "da baddest bitch of all, Nicki Minaj." For cinematic picks she lists *Gone With the Wind*, *Scarface*, the *Halloween* movies, the *Friday the 13th* movies and *Nightmare on Elm Street*." In front of the TV, Natasha regularly catches *Charmed*, *The Hills*, *Law & Order*, *America's Best Dance Crew* and *Dancing With the Stars*." And let's not forget a horny wish: "Sex on a beach is my ultimate fantasy; I hope to try it someday." But don't think of trying to wrong Natasha Annemarie. "Karma is a mothafuckin' bitch," she emphatically warns. "It will bite you in the ass three times as hard!" —Photos by Friend

"A cool sex toy never does me wrong!"

"I love Valentine's Day. Guys get me sexy presents, and I give them me!"

LEYSHA

Shedding a little light on why she wished to shed her clothing in *Beaver Hunt*, Leysha, 27, remarks, "I just wanted to try it out. I'm outgoing, kind and giving. My big ambition is to work in the hospitality or tourism industries. I strive for goals and never give up." Hailing from Oakland, California, the 5-foot-0 Filipina is currently holding down a job in retail sales—at least for the time being—and is always down for some very hospitable endeavors. "I love sex and doing whatever makes my pussy feel good," Leysha lays on us. "I also love watching other people fuck and then joining in. But when I want to come, what works best is a man using his hand on my clit." Mentioning that "bi-curious" Leysha digs hip-hop, shopping, dancing, going to the beach and "putting rice into everything I eat" seems anticlimactic, but the pixie isn't ready to wallow in the afterglow just yet. "I like watching porn," Leysha owns up. "I doubt I'll ever try that professionally, but I do want to be in a homemade sex tape. I'd love to see the look on a new boyfriend's face when I put it on instead of the regular movie he's expecting."

—Photos by Friend

MISS SHERRI

"Being in HUSTLER has been a longtime dream of mine," proclaims this "easy to get along with" stagehand from Fort Myers, Florida. "Other women show it; why can't I? Maybe I'll become a celebrity in my hometown." A spry 50, Miss Sherri relishes bicycling, classical music, operas (not of the soap variety), doing volunteer work at a thrift store, taking long walks along the beach and "experiencing new things." That now includes modeling nude and watching porn. "I am always horny," Miss Sherri acknowledges. "I haven't been with a woman for a while, but I'll still go both ways. One of my fantasies is to have a tea party [not of the political variety] that turns into a sex party. I could make up for lost time by being with two girls at the same time. Women know how to treat women." Adhering to her mantra that "life is too short to be miserable," the 5-foot-5 Sunshine Stater gleefully discloses, "I'm dating a guy who's ten years younger than me. He likes to call me a cougar." Here's what the fella has to say about his "buff" paramour: "Miss Sherri is a perfectionist 69er. She loves to get a guy hard, licking and deep-throating his cock until he comes, all the while having her clit given a heavenly ride. She thinks spitters should be outlawed. Protein is the only way to go. She also loves to give head underwater while pushing ice cubes into her pussy and anal canal. Her magnificent, supple body craves attention, and licking her tits and clit does the job. Miss Sherri is into all the normal fantasies, but really enjoys the idea of tonguing a guy's ass and balls. Her biggest pleasure is giving pleasure." —Photos by Friend

ERICA

"I'm kind of shy in my own way, yet I'm most comfortable when I am naked," coos Erica, 33, a private dancer out of Thomaston, Georgia. Equally comfy when it comes to baring her private side, the 5-foot-7 "romantic-type" makes known, "I love drawing, writing, collecting antiques and erotic pole-dancing." But Erica also gravitates toward another kind of pole: "I love sucking my man's cock while we're driving down the road. It's crazy and fun. So was having sex on the roof of his house and wondering if anyone could see us." Erica, a woman-on-top and rockin'-music die-hard—"anything from Lynyrd Skynyrd to Hank Williams Jr. to Buckcherry"—adds more insight: "I prefer men but will go both ways. Having my pussy sucked definitely gives me the best orgasms. I've never been naked in Beverly Hills, California, and I'd stay naked the whole time if I ever went there. I often think about what it would be like to be fucked to death or at least until I passed out from exhaustion. I am also personally very interested in double penetration. Surprisingly, I've never been fucked in my ass." —Photos by Boyfriend

MARIA

March is the month in which spring begins, with St. Patrick's Day traditionally falling a few days before winter exits. In lieu of an Irish lass from Dublin or County Cork, we'll uncork this mesmerizing denizen of O'Fallon, Missouri. "I'm very comfortable posing nude," says Maria, who'll be celebrating her milestone 21st birthday on March 18 and boasts an extensive list of pastimes. "I love kickboxing, bowling, soccer and jogging," the 5-foot-5 knockout rattles off. "I also have fun surfing the Net, and I love Mexican food because it's hot and spicy." That tag also fits Maria. "I'm bi, kinky and fun to be around," she boasts. "I have sex mostly every day, and I like it rough and crazy. I love going down on a guy or girl and being fucked doggy-style by a big dick or dildo. And if no one's around, I'll play with myself before falling asleep." Before saying adios, Maria shares her b-day wish: "I'd love to have a threesome with Ashton Kutcher and Mila Kunis while an episode of *That '70s Show* is on." Even solo, Maria puts on a great show. —Photos by Friend

"I'm fun to be around and more fun when I'm naked."

PUSSY EMILY

"Girls from my country are sexy, beautiful and skillful at *all* things," declares this "polite and friendly" telephone operator from Doudleby nad Orlicí, Czech Republic. "That's why men around the world are so fond of us." To say the least, Pussy Emily, 21, is a dandy ambassador. "My hobbies are dancing, listening to music, traveling, taking care of my dog and shooting videos for an erotic Web site," reveals the 5-foot-9 Eurobabe, who sparkles even when she speaks: "I need wild sex a minimum of three times a week, but sometimes romantic is better. My favorite positions are cowgirl and 69. I like having a boy kissing all my body and fucking me in interesting, prohibited, dangerous places. I had sex on a boat with lots of beachgoers watching us, and my wish is to do it on a bench during an ice-hockey game." Thanks for letting us check (not hip-check) you out, Em. —Photos by Friend

"Being in HUSTLER is a good experience for me. I can show Americans who I am and what I do."

SAPHIRE

"It has always been my fantasy to be seen nude in a magazine," professes this "witty, energetic, fun-loving and bi-curious" teacher from Hattiesburg, Mississippi. When Saphire, 35, isn't inspiring her students that they can "make a difference in the world," she's into classic car shows, working out, NASCAR, TV (*Seinfeld*, *American Idol*, *America's Got Talent*) and "working the camera." Saphire's got talents too. "I have been told that I give awesome blowjobs," trumpets the 5-foot-1 fancier of 69, doggy, spooning, backwards cowgirl and pile driver. "I am a willing slut who'll do anything my partners desire in any place that adds excitement." So far anal-receptive Saphire, who one night "drove out to get a take-out order completely nude," has rung up "hanging from a tree, on a cliff, on top of a grand piano and on the hood of my Corvette while it was raining." The fan of AC/DC, Mötley Crüe and KISS also divulges, "I enjoy going to hear bands play and partying in the tour bus afterward." Saphire, whose fantasies include "being in a sex video with two hot women," already has a mainstream flick to hold the fort: "I did some acting in the upcoming film *Mardi Gras*, starring Carmen Electra." As a Beaver and all-round sexmate, Saphire is electrifying. —Photos by Husband

MAKE BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?
If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the entry form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM

To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release) | Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $250 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER:

(PRINT NAME, ADDRESS, TELEPHONE NUMBER OR E-MAIL ADDRESS LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS)
I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights, including the copyrights, in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, and are posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

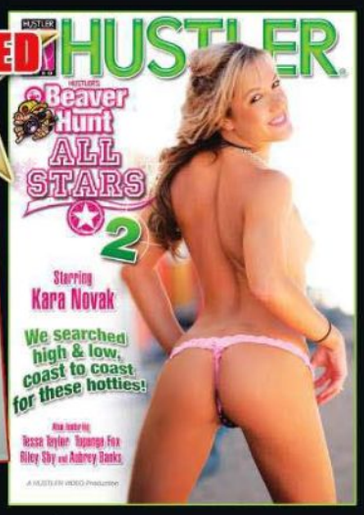
Photographer's legal signature | Date (month/date/year)

Note: Payment sent to model only.

FREE VIDEO OFFER

REVIEWED P.118

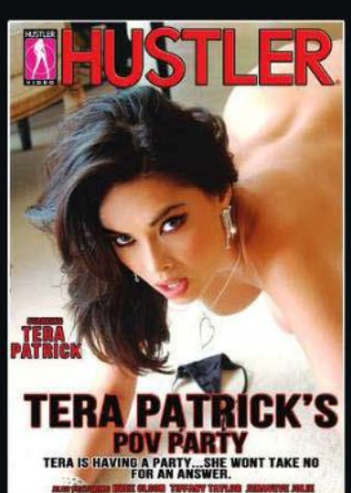
BLAA



BHAS2

ATLC

BLKVC



TPPOV

BM6

FEATURED P.123

TADWS

BBAL3

PARODIES • PARODIES • PARODIES • PARODIES • PARODIES

UHSLGJ

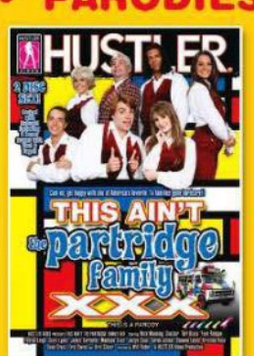
TAHKIT

TASBTB

APRIL O'NEIL featured p.29

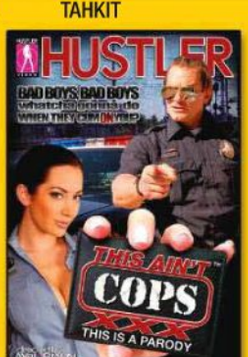
TABG

GETSM



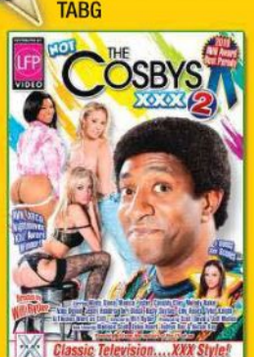
TATPF

NMASH

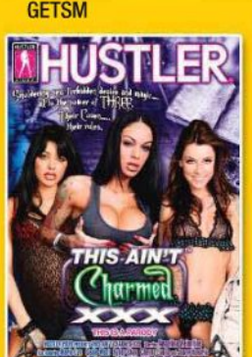


TACOP

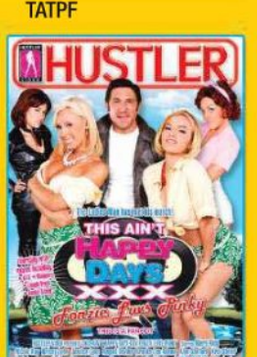
HUHSJJ



NTCX2



TACH



TAHDFP

FOR OUR READERS ONLY!

Buy 4 Videos & Get ONE FREE!

BABAL

SBD3

TADJX

BL108

TBS

HNP

BL109

TAAVA

Buy 4 videos for $99 and get 1 FREE!

TABAY

TAGLEE

$29.95 each or 5 videos for $99

VIDEO #	QTY	VIDEO #	QTY
ATLC		TAAVA	
BABAL		TABAY	
BBAL3		TABG	
BHAS2		TACH	
BL108		TACOP	
BL109		TADJX	
BLAA		TADWS	
BLKVC		TAGLEE	
BM6		TAHDFP	
GETSM		TAHKIT	
HNP		TASBTB	
HUHSJJ		TATPF	
NMASH		TBS	
NTCX2		TPPOV	
SBD3		UHSLGJ	

TOTAL # OF VIDEOS _____ *Subtotal* $_____

Shipping & Handling $ 4.95

TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

Name *(please print)*

Address

City *(no international orders)* State Zip

Phone Number or E-mail

X

Signature Required *(I am 18 years of age or older.)*

WANT IT FASTER?

Call 1-800-763-8271 (x 7651) for credit card orders.

Please send form along with payment (payable to LFP Publishing) to:
LFP PUBLISHING - ATTN: H. NGUYEN
8484 WILSHIRE BLVD., SUITE 900
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90211

H0311

OFFER PROHIBITED IN THESE U.S. STATES, CITIES & ZIP CODES: AL, AR, MS, UT; Indianapolis, IN; South Bend, IN; Memphis, TN; Cincinnati, OH; Jacksonville, FL; Tallahassee, FL; FL zip codes beginning with 320-326 and 344. We do not ship to correctional facilities in any state. No international orders accepted. All orders are final. Delivery time is 2-3 weeks with money order or credit card; 3-4 weeks with check.

1-800 WET FUCK
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
(1-800-938-3825)
PROMO CODE 1100
ALL REAL
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
All models 18+
U7445

LIVE one on one
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM! *
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1
ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

www.coedpleasures.com
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES
Coed Pleasures
1-800-550-1842
Toll Free
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

CLASS BEGINS NOW
1-800-888 BETTY
(1-800-888-2388)
PROMO CODE 1100 FOR FREE MINUTES!
LOCAL MILFs
1-800-444 DATE
(1-800-444-3283)
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
as low as 95¢ MIN
ALL NEW
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM

1-888 GIRLS 18
Only $2.00
per minute 18+
NO CONNECT FEE
LIVE 1-on-1
Discreet Billing • Pay by: Credit, Debit, Pre-Paid or Gift Card, or Check!

LIVE 1on1
1(800) 800.CUMM
most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 per minute
HEAR ME SCREAM YOUR NAME!!!
1 (900) 646.6666
$2.50 - $3.50 per minute
18+ adults only

HOT PINK & WET
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
+ Small $3.89 connect fee. Credit card / adults 18+ only

18+
5 MINUTE QUICKIE
LIVE 1 ON 1
$10
1.800.599.0707

CHEAP HOT SLUTS
89¢ per min.
1-800-
LIVE 1-ON-1
800-FUCK
3 8 2 5
www.89centgirls.com
+ a $3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone. Adults 18+ only

1-800 WET TITS
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
All models 18+
Promo Code 1100 for FREE MINUTES!
(1-800-938-8487)
SQUEEZE & SUCK MY LUSCIOUS TITS
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN.
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
LOCAL GIRLS
1-800 888-DATE
ALL LIVE!
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469 274 0654

89centgirls.com
Young, Slutty, and Cheap
LIVE 1-on-1 sex talk
...because pleasure requires both your hands
ONLY 89¢ per min
VoIP
www.89CentGirls.com
*plut a $3.89 connect fee, credit cards/check by phone, adult 18+

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

1-800-ASK-4-ASS
U7449
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
Promo Code 1100 For FREE MINUTES! (1-800-275-4277)
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
WANNA REALLY SCORE? GO BALLS DEEP!
ALL REAL
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654
Meet Local Teens! 1-800 999-MEET
1-800-999-6338

1-800
PROMO CODE 1100
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
WET CUNT
(1-800-938-2868)
HAVE THIS TIGHT CUNT ANY WAY YOU WANT IT!
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654

LIVE one on one
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM! *
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only

DRIPPING WET CUNTS
89¢ per min.
1-800-
LIVE 1-ON-1
800-FUCK
3 8 2 5
www.89centgirls.com
+ a $3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone. Adults 18+ only

www.executivespleasures.com
Executive's Pleasures
Discreet Fantasies
1-800-331-3310
2 GIRL CALLS
LIVE 1 ON 1
ALL FANTASIES
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

TEXT ME!
My Big Tits Just For You!
TEXT "TITS" to 1-801
HUSTLER
4 8 7 8 5 3 7

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

"Barely 18 and Easy"
1-800
909-5555
$1.98 to $2.98 per minute.
Credit cards accepted. Adults only.
*All people affiliated with this ad are at least 18+

*TEENS READY TO FUCK
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only

OVER FORTY
18+
$10
1.888-OLDER 69

1-800 ASK-4-ASS
GO 4 IT!
PROMO CODE 1100
(1-800-275-4277)
as low as ¢95 PER MIN
DON'T BE SHY!
Meet Local Girls!
1-800-999-MEET
(1-800-999-6338)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE
LIVE TEXT CHAT
1-469-274-0654

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
Adults 18+ only / Credit card

Cock Sucking Sluts!
$10 Buck Phone Fuck!
1.800.440.1147
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
NO Connect Fee!
18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1
ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

SHADES OF PINK
JESSICA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT
NOVEMBER 1982
HUSTLER
CLASSIC

Who doesn't enjoy a taste of voyeurism once in a while? Nineteen-year-old **Jessica** confesses to "accidentally" seeing her horny next-door neighbor on those long, lonely nights.

"I like to masturbate, but I don't believe in sex for the sake of sex," says the surprisingly conservative Californian. "And that's why I don't sleep with men I don't love."

With all that sexual energy bottled up, it's no wonder she seeks pleasure within herself. **Jessica** is so busy in college that an occasional peep show like this one is more than enough to tide her over between relationships.

After her classes each day, **Jessica** walks home to swim at the building's pool, which—in her words—"is swarming with horny toads. I don't let the guys around here come onto me." She affirms: "So I guess they have to figure out other ways to get off." Don't worry, **Jessica**; we already have!

FREE VIDEO OFFER

FOR OUR READERS ONLY!

BLBFAT2

BLAA

BLBIK

BLBSG

Buy 4 Videos & Get 1 FREE!

BL108

BLSG6

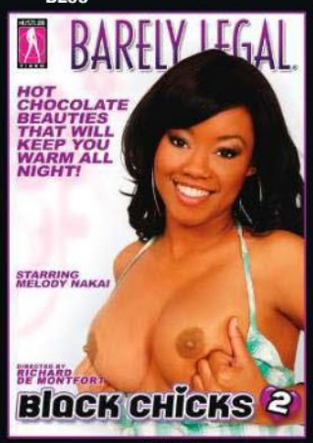
BL99

HYN7

UHSLGJ

BLSAS

BLKVC



BLBC2

TBS

Buy 4 videos for $99 and get 1 FREE!

$29.95 each or 5 videos for $99

Name (please print)

Address

City (no international orders) State Zip

X

Signature Required (I am 18 years of age or older.) Phone Number or E-mail

VIDEO #	QTY	AMOUNT
BLAA		$
BLBIK		$
BLBSG		$
BLBFAT2		$
BL108		$
BLSG6		$
BL99		$

VIDEO #	QTY	AMOUNT
HYN7		$
UHSLGJ		$
BLKVC		$
BLBC2		$
TBS		$
BLSAS		$
		$

Please send form along with payment (payable to LFP Publishing) to:
LFP PUBLISHING - ATTN: H. NGUYEN
8484 WILSHIRE BLVD., SUITE 900, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90211

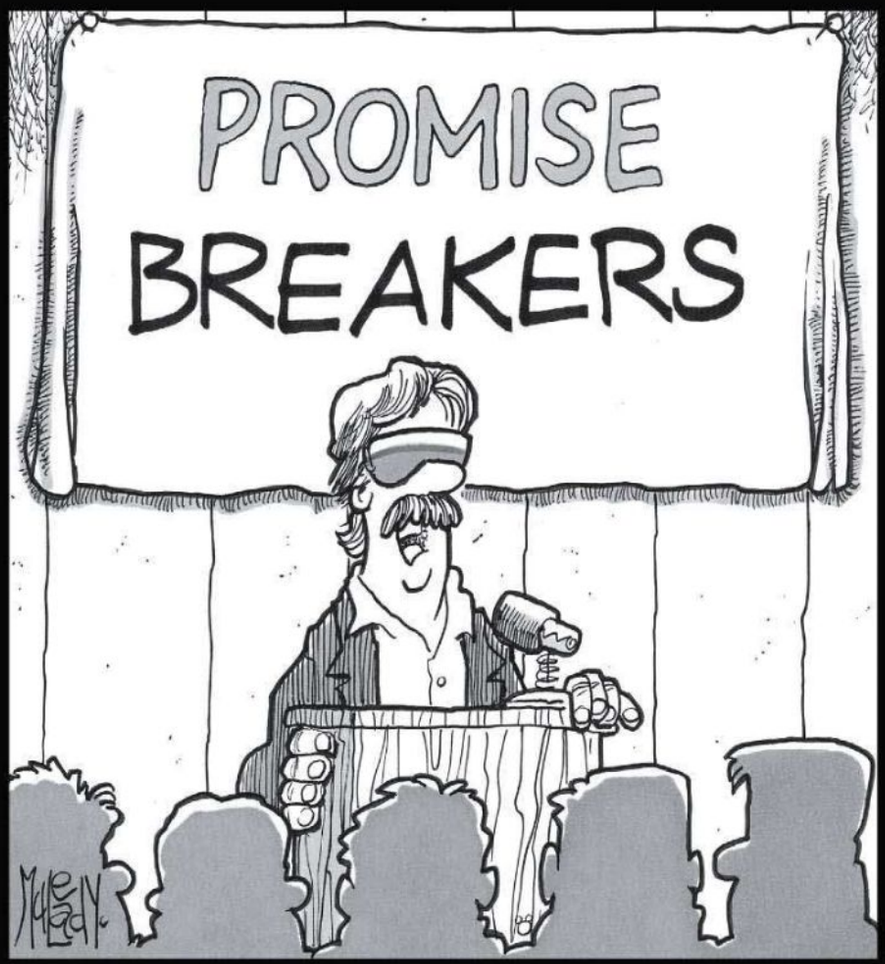
H0311BL

WANT IT FASTER?
Call 1-800-763-8271 (x7651)
for credit card orders.

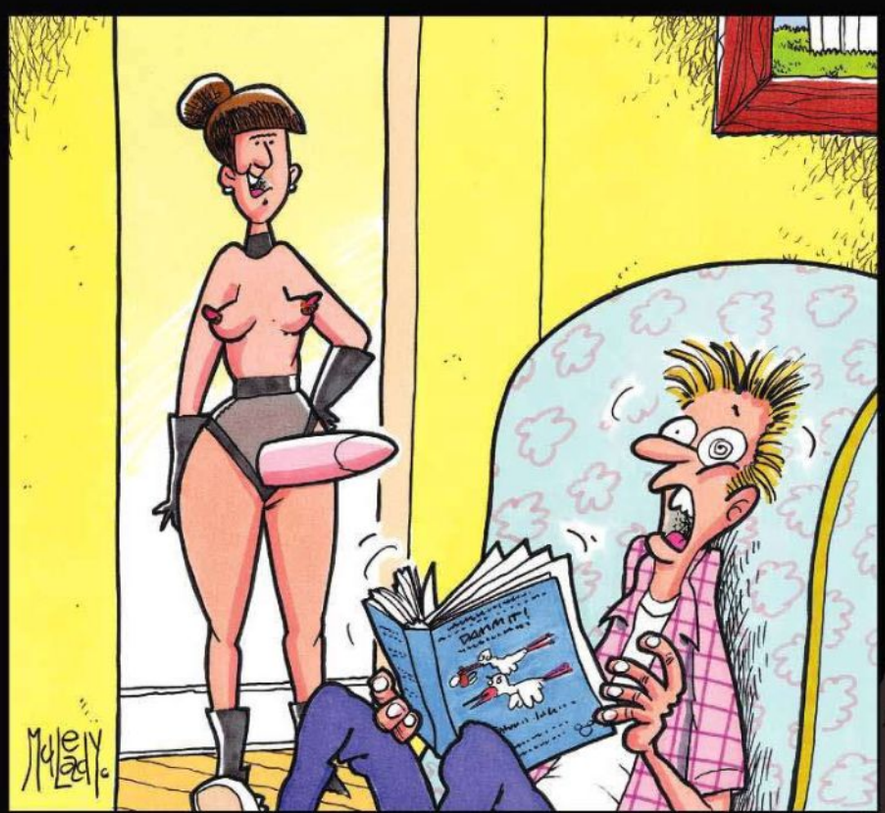
Shipping & Handling $4.95

Total Enclosed $_____

OFFER PROHIBITED IN THESE U.S. STATES, CITIES & ZIP CODES: AL, AR, MS, UT; Indianapolis, IN; South Bend, IN; Memphis, TN; Cincinnati, OH; Jacksonville, FL; Tallahassee, FL; FL zip codes beginning with 320-326 and 344. We do not ship to correctional facilities in any state. No international orders accepted. All orders are final. Delivery time is 2-3 weeks with money order or credit card; 3-4 weeks with check.



"Okay, we've had ten guys in a row say they broke their promise not to come in their wives' mouths during blowjobs. Does anybody have anything different?!"



"I thought we could play 'Democrat and Republican' tonight, and it's my turn to be the Republican."

DEADLY ANGEL

(continued from page 92)

movie made it all the more absurd that anyone thought it was a template for Leppink's death."

The prosecution built its case on the wrong film. The right one was 1944's *Double Indemnity*, the Billy Wilder-directed classic about a beautiful, vicious wife who schemes with her lover to murder her husband for his $1-million life insurance policy, a storyline replicated in *The Last Seduction*. It was "updated" with the drug money subplot.

In his appeal, Feldman pointed out the fallacies of *The Last Seduction* argument as well as the questionable legality of Leppink's letter to his father. Agreeing with Feldman, the Alaska Court of Appeals overturned Linehan's conviction, barring prosecutors from using *The Last Seduction* "similarities" and Leppink's note from the grave at her new trial.

"The state, as you probably know, has admitted that it mishandled the investigation into Carlin's death and has reopened or amped up the investigation," Feldman says. "That was several months ago, and I don't know where that is now."

Colonel Audie Holloway, director of the Alaska State Troopers, was more than happy to answer that question. "The case was submitted to the District Attorney on June 4, 2010," he said. "This was more a case of wanting to be completely finished with the investigation and have all the evidence ready rather than indifference on the part of the state. All the suspects were in custody. That is not usually the situation."

As for Mechele Hughes Linehan, she and her lawyers have contended that Carlin acted alone. "It's difficult to predict what will happen on a retrial," Feldman believes. "But the court of appeals opined that the case against her was not strong, and two significant pieces of evidence are now excluded. The jury was out five days the first time, so you can only conclude that it'll be a more difficult trial this time for the state."

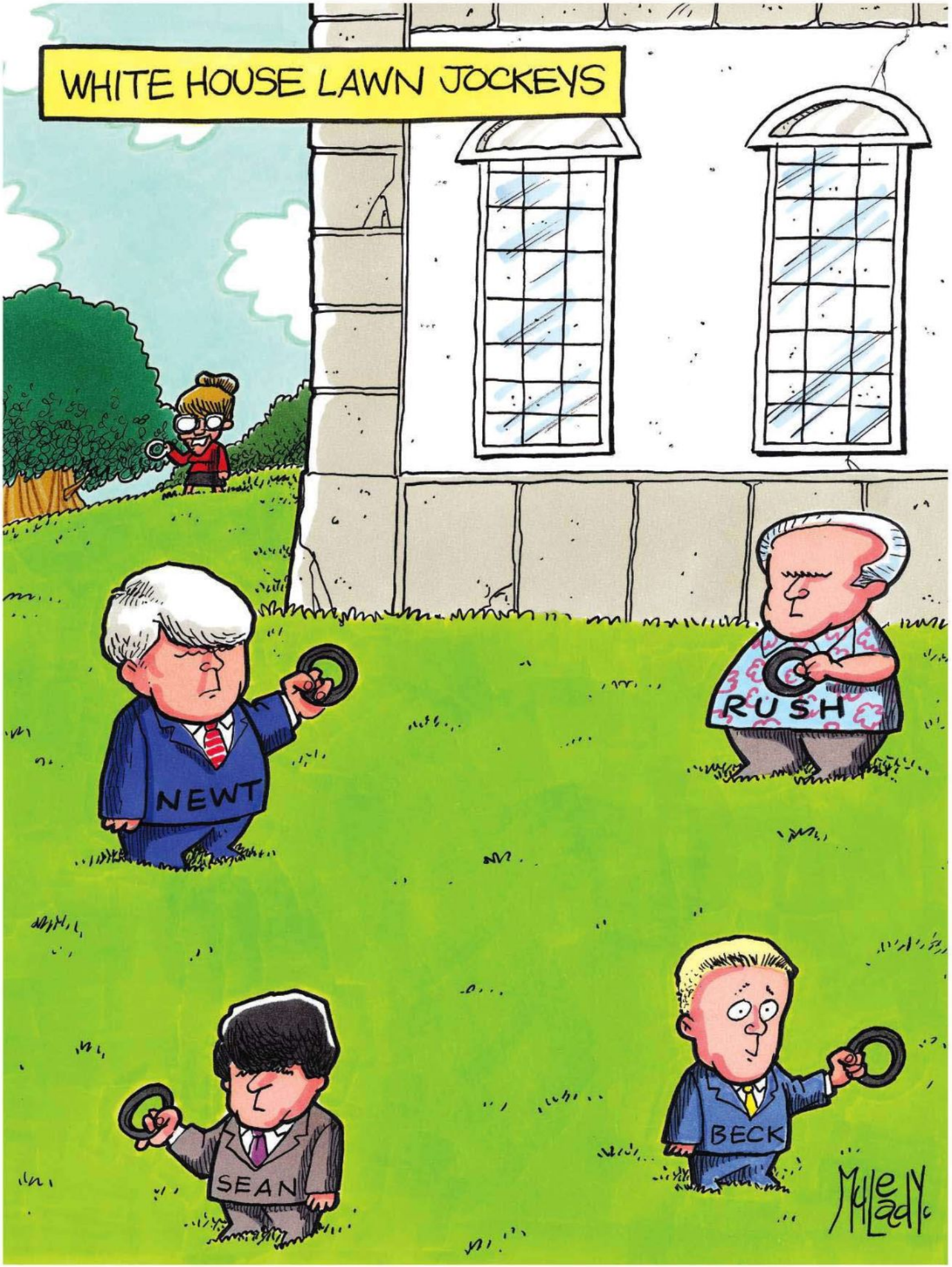
He adds, "That said, there remains the circumstantial evidence involving the e-mails between the parties, and the insurance policy, so there are fragments of the state's storyline remaining."

For it's part, the state isn't talking. "No reaction to the Court of Appeals decision," Gullufsen wrote me. "I am retiring effective July 15, 2010, and may or may not be involved in the retrial."

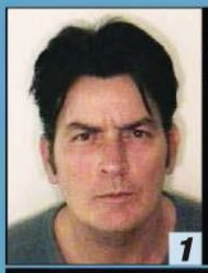
The defense isn't saying much either. "I don't have any comment, but appreciate your asking," public defender John Cashion replied to a query. He'll be representing Linehan at her second murder trial.

Linehan too has refused to comment, but things seem to be going her way. On July 8, 2010, she was released from house arrest, allowed to be out and about in Anchorage with only an ankle bracelet tracking her movements.

Besides *Deadly Angel: The Bizarre True Story of Alaska's Killer Stripper*, Fred Rosen has authored numerous true crime books, including *Lobster Boy*, *Did They Really Do It?*, *There but for the Grace of God*, *When Satan Wore a Cross* and *The Historical Atlas of American Crime*.


WHITE HOUSE LAWN JOCKEYS
NEWT
RUSH
SEAN
BECK

COMING NEXT


1

CHARLIE SHEEN FOUR-PACK

BAD BOY CHRONICLE:
Charlie Sheen's hotel escapade with porn star Capri Anderson wasn't his first meltdown. Reporter Michael McClay fully catalogs the actor's erratic behavior, hooker habit and other demons.

CAPRI ANDERSON:
The naked hottie cowering in a bathroom when Sheen was raving mad is a former HUSTLER model. But we have a bigger surprise: sizzling XXX outtakes from one of Capri's rare boy-girl video scenes!

2

3

***THIS AIN'T TWO AND A HALF MEN XXX*:**
Talk about a no-brainer. HUSTLER Video is coming out with a hard-core parody of the TV show in which Sheen plays an ardent womanizer. Check out our action-packed sneak peek.

CARTOON SPOOF:
Illustrator Noel Anderson (no relation to Capri) wraps things up with the aptly titled lampoon *Two and a Half Grams*. Yes, Charlie Sheen gets his comeuppance HUSTLER-style.

4

MIND-BLOWING UFO EXPOSÉ

"The time to pull the curtain back on this subject is long overdue," declares John Podesta—President Bill Clinton's chief of staff—in the foreword of *UFOs: Generals, Pilots and Government Officials Go on the Record*. No wing nut, author Leslie Kean is a respected journalist whose book details various sightings by extremely credible eyewitnesses. Besides a review, we'll present UFO photos that will send chills up your spine.

AURORA SNOW: SMALL-TOWN GAL, XXX STAR & GUARDIAN ANGEL

Amid an exploding population of carbon-copy newbies—each with bigger, faker boobs—Aurora Snow is a far cry from the typical porn chick, but not only because of her unenhanced bosom. As photographer Holly Randall learns during a trek to Aurora's hometown, the articulate A-lister—who saved the life of her once-comatose brother—has family values that would put most right-wingers to shame.

BUNNYRANCH CONTEST WINNER: "I GOT TO HOOK UP WITH CAMI PARKER!"

The August '10 issue announced that readers would have a chance to personally woo cover-babe Cami Parker. Well, let's just say one lucky stiff had the time of his life at the HBO-immortalized cathouse. Don't miss the exclusive pics.

The April '11 issue goes on sale January 25, 2011. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

MADISON IVY

KINKY BY NATURE
Let's turn-up the degree of kinky playtime
Naughty men wanted for meat sampling
1-888
888-TSTV
8 7 8 8
1-800
669-DICK
3 4 2 5
*$2.98-$3.98 per min.
Kinky sluts with a kinky surprise
1-800
TS-SLUTS
8 7 7 5 8 8 7
Looking for a sloppy cock massage?
ONLY
*$2.98
per min.
We'll give you our special rubdown at...
1-800-800-6969
Most major credit cards accepted. *Plus a small $2.98 connection fee.
ADULTS 18+ ONLY

Soft IN pink
...and deliciously creamy
for your taste
EBONY
BABES
DELIGHTFULLY EXQUISITE
I have the sugar pie you've been craving.
Don't have a credit card? You can still have your pie and eat it too
1-900-336-6666
1-800-669-SLUT
7 5 8 8
Hot lonely moms will open their back door for ya!
1-888-909-MILF
6 4 5 3
1-800-Dark Twat
3 2 7 5
8 9 2
Most major credit cards accepted $2.98 /min.
plus a small $2.98 connect fee. Adults 18+ only